This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

3 3433 07484592 0

NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

THE LANDING. (Page 79)

WITH
SOUTH SEA FOLK

A MISSIONARY STORY

BY

E. THEODORA CROSBY

BOSTON
The Pilgrim Press
CHICAGO

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
336489A
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1927 L

Copyright, 1898.
By M. C. Hazard.

NOV 10 1927
3 LIGHT
MAIN

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	PROS AND CONS	5
II.	THE LAST DAYS AT HOME	14
III.	PREPARING THE OUTFIT	23
IV.	O'ER LAND AND SEA	35
V.	FAIR OAHU'S SHORE	48
VI.	THE LONG VOYAGE	62
VII.	THE ISLAND HOME	71
VIII.	UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS	83
IX.	SHADOWS AND SUNSHINE	94
X.	AN ISLAND TOUR	107
XI.	THE ANNUAL MAIL	119
XII.	A SAIL-HO! AND WHAT CAME OF IT	130
XIII.	AN END AND A BEGINNING	141
XIV.	THE NEW STATION	152
XV.	THROUGH FIERY TRIALS	164
XVI.	NEXT THINGS	174
XVII.	WHEN THEIR SHIP CAME IN	185
XVIII.	FAREWELL!	196

WITH SOUTH SEA FOLK

CHAPTER I

PROS AND CONS

We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling;
To be living is sublime.

"I CANNOT understand why you want to go so far away," said Emily, impatiently; "there are heathen enough nearer home to satisfy the most exacting mortal!"

"Margaret knows that without your telling her," said Eleanor. "Remember, she has lived more than twenty years in the bosom of the Graham family, and this alone would be a liberal education! I say, Meg, how do you propose beginning on the little savages? Shall you use the same arguments on them you used on me in teaching my young ideas to shoot? I mean the gentle suasion of external objects impelled by a gentle temp"—

"Eleanor, be quiet!" interrupted the older sister. "That is not fair. I wish you would learn to control that tongue of yours as well as Margaret controls her temper!"

"I think it is time for me to go," said the girl, ignoring the reproof. And in a few moments she was heard running down-stairs gaily singing:

> "Meg's heathen lives over the ocean,
> Meg's heathen lives over the sea,
> Meg's heathen lives over the ocean,
> She's going, O heathen, to thee!"

The sisters looked at each other and laughed a little, then became serious.

"I know it must seem strange for me to think of such a thing," said Margaret, "but I have always wanted to do just this. It was one of my dreams, even when I was a schoolgirl, that if I ever became a Christian, I would be a missionary. And then, after I became a Christian, I still wanted to be a missionary, if I ever became good enough. And now," she added, wistfully, "I do so want to go! When the opportunity came, I did not think at all of being good enough. I would not dare go, if I stopped for that. I know I am not good. But I want to be, and I do think I could help the poor people there a little!"

"Of course you can, you dear child! I was not thinking of your shortcomings, by any means. I fancy missionaries are much the same as other

people, no better and no worse. They probably have to fight battles, like the rest of us. But now the little motherdie is gone," and her voice quivered, "it seems like a final breaking up of the family; first to lose mother, then the dear old home, and now you—for if you go, things will never be the same again."

"But don't you see, Emily, that things cannot be the same, anyway? We cannot keep the home; that is out of the question. And I shall want to make something of my life. I cannot settle down into a society girl; and what can I do? teach? There are more teachers than schools already, and I do not want to crowd, or be crowded. But now that Mr. and Mrs. Gray have come and asked me to go back with them, and the Board is not only willing to send me, but has asked me to go"—

"You did not tell me that before," said Emily, rather reproachfully.

"No; for I never would have left the little motherdie. But now that she is gone, there is nothing to keep me here. Nobody needs me. Yes, dearie, I know you want me, but you do not need me, and I should be more of a burden than anything else. And, besides," here the girl's voice sank a little, "I think it is what the Lord would have me do. I do not believe that I could have grown up with this desire, and now have the way opened so wonderfully, unless it be his will for me to go. You will side with me, won't you,

Emily?" she asked, anxiously. "You know it will settle it with the others if you approve."

"I believe you are right, Margaret. Yes, I will help you all I can; but what shall I do without you!"

There was a silence of a few moments, when Emily suddenly asked, "What does George say about it? I think you told me you had consulted him."

"Oh, he did not say much to me," answered Margaret; "but when Edwin tried to reason me out of it, he told him to let me alone;—it was but a freak, and I would be glad to come back in a year or two!" and she laughed a little bitterly.

Emily's only answer was a silent caress.

The Graham family, or what was left of it, consisted of three girls and two boys. The mother had died about two months before, and the home was already being broken up, preparatory to renting the house.

Margaret Graham, a young woman of twenty-three, had lived quietly at home with her mother, Eleanor being away at college, and the others all having homes or interests of their own.

Just before Mrs. Graham's death, Margaret had been strongly urged to go to the South Sea Islands. Mr. and Mrs. Gray, who had been missionaries there for a number of years, were at home on a visit, and wanted the girl to return with them as their assistant. Margaret's heart leaped at the thought.

Then she was ashamed of herself. How could she think, for a moment, of leaving the "little mother-die"? as these girls always called their gentle, suffering mother. And she returned a decided refusal to the appeals of those who had the matter in charge.

At length Dr. Calhoun, the secretary with whom she had been corresponding, said to her in a private interview:

"We are sorry, Miss Graham, that this is your decision. We can only acquiesce. But if the way should open for you to go within the next few years, we shall be glad to send you."

So Margaret returned home, thinking the matter settled, and striving to put it out of her mind.

That very night an unwelcome visitor appeared in the Graham homestead; and before another day dawned, the poor, suffering mother was released from the sorrows and trials of this world. The eternal day had dawned for her.

It was a crushing blow to Margaret. But as the days went by, and nature began to reassert itself, she felt almost awed at the thought that God had opened the way for her to go to the far-off islands in the Southern Seas. Soon after the conversation with her sisters with which this story opens, she telegraphed Dr. Calhoun, and in a few short weeks she received her appointment, and was notified that they were to leave in June, so it was necessary to begin preparations at once.

Grafton was a pretty little village of some three thousand inhabitants, where everybody knew everybody else, and those who did not were outside the pale of Grafton's "four hundred." The old families had married and intermarried, living and dying in the same little circle to the third and fourth generation. Nothing could occur in any one of them that did not send out ripples of agitated discussion to the very circumference of the other three hundred and ninety-nine families that made up the charmed circle.

Margaret Graham's purpose soon became the all-absorbing topic of conversation. She had many offers of assistance in her preparations, while a bevy of girl friends were making all sorts of suggestions, some wise, but mostly otherwise.

"Where is it you are going, anyway, Meg?" asked Lettice Alden. "I've ransacked all the atlases and geographies in the house, but I can't find it."

"So have I," added Barbara Gwynne, "but I have been ashamed to confess it. You need n't laugh, you little humbug," she exclaimed, seizing a gypsy-looking girl whose eyes were dancing with merriment. "I 'll bet"—

"Forfeit! forfeit! Bab. Give me a quarter!"

"Oh, bother! 'Bet' is n't slang, for I 'm willing to do it," answered the girl.

"That is not fair," cried the others.

"'Bet' is unladylike, and 'liable to a fine,' ac-

cording to the statutes of our society," added Mollie Grayson, with dignity. "You would better pay up, Barbara, my dear!" And this time Margaret reached out her hand for the forfeit money.

The girl grumbled as she hunted for her pocket. "You will have one comfort, Meg, when you get to the antipodes. You won't have to hunt for pockets and purses! I suppose there is n't room enough in a South Sea Island costume for a pocket. And, I declare, I've a mind to go with you. Where is that pocket, anyway!"

"You poor child, you do look exhausted! Come here and let us hunt for you."

"No, I thank you! I believe I have fifty cents left of my month's allowance, and I prefer to keep it. Oh, here it is!" And she drew forth a dainty little purse, from which she took a twenty-five cent piece, and grudgingly dropped it into Meg's hand.

"Good child!" said Mollie, patting her condescendingly on the back.

"But, girls," said Lettice, "Meg has not told us where she is going, and I want to know."

"Is it to the Fiji Islands, and are the people all cannibals?" asked Barbara. "And do they dress in tall hats and necklaces, and"—

"Mercy, Bab!" cried Margaret, putting her fingers in her ears, "do n't ask me so many questions at once, please!"

"Well, then, question number one: Where are you going, and how do you get there?"

"That is better," said Margaret. "But I am afraid I cannot give you much information. I want to confess that I hunted for *Suomla* on the map, at first, and could not find it. I did not dare tell Mrs. Gray, though. I was afraid she would think me wofully stupid. So I just kept still, and one day she told me that the island has another name than that on the map, so I felt relieved."

"Item number one: She is going to an island with a big 'I,' girls," said Mollie. "Go on, my dear!"

"Oh, but there is more than one island!" cried Margaret. "They are coral islands, all but two or three"—

"Poor Meg! And I suppose you'll have your bedroom on one island, and your sitting-room on another; and how will you ever know where your hairpins are?" said Barbara, looking at Margaret with pitying eyes.

"Bab, do keep still!" rather impatiently said Lettice. "I should think you would be interested to know where Margaret is going, now that we are to lose her."

"O Meg, dear, I didn't think!" said Barbara, contritely. "Somehow, I can't make it real that it is you. We have always had such jolly times together, and now to think you are almost a real,

live missionary—the *bona fide* article. Do tell us about it!" And she nestled down at Margaret's side, softly slipping her hand into Margaret's under the folds of her dress. These girls—the quartet, as they were called—had grown up together from babyhood, and now the first separation was to come. They listened quietly as Margaret told them of the little islands in the far-off Pacific Ocean, under the Southern Cross.

The girls were very subdued and thoughtful as they walked down the street after leaving Margaret.

"I tell you what, girls," said Lettice, at last, "I think Margaret will make something of her life, and I believe the rest of us can, even if we do not go so far away. I have not been half trying, but I do want to serve Christ just as really and truly here, as Margaret will on those islands."

"Meg will be a *live* missionary, anyway," said Mollie, "and I think she will be a good one. I almost want to be a missionary, too."

"I read somewhere the other day that every Christian is a missionary, wherever he is. It only means that 'whatsoever ye do in word or deed do all in the name of the Lord Jesus,'" said Barbara, diffidently.

"In His Name," said Lettice, thoughtfully, and they looked at the little silver crosses which bespoke them Daughters of the King.

CHAPTER II

THE LAST DAYS AT HOME

I have done at length with dreaming;
Henceforth, O thou soul of mine,
Thou must take up sword and gauntlet,
Waging warfare most divine.

It was a month later. Margaret sat before a low window in her room, looking out absently at the shadowy landscape. It was early evening, and the moon was just rising above the tree-tops, casting weird and ghostly shadows everywhere. But Margaret saw nothing of the still beauty before her. It was the last night in the old home. The girls were to spend it with her, and she was momently expecting them. On the morrow she and Emily were to leave Grafton, and go for a time to Boston, while she was obtaining her outfit.

There was a wistful look on the girl's face, and just now a somewhat anxious frown contracted the broad forehead, above which the auburn hair was parted and caught in dainty waviness into a loose coil at the back. She drew a long sigh as she thought of the old friends and neighbors, who had called for a last farewell during the past days. They had known her all her life, and therefore felt

privileged to advise and caution, or express their surprise and not always pleasure, at what some of them called "that girl's presumption." Then her brow cleared a little, as she thought of the dear old family friend, Mrs. Vaughn, who had taken her into loving arms as she exclaimed,

"O Maggie, dear! Don't go away off to that dreadful place! I know they will eat you up! And they don't even kill them before they eat them!" And the good woman hunted for her handkerchief to wipe the tears from her eyes.

"Why, auntie!" exclaimed Margaret, "somebody has been trying to frighten you, and it is too bad! You saw Mr. and Mrs. Gray when they were here. Just think; they have been there nearly ten years, and they are not eaten yet. And besides, they don't do such things where I am going!"

She wondered now, as she thought of it, if Mrs. Vaughn would have felt easier if they had killed the missionary before they ate him!

Then she thought of the various criticisms which had reached her since her decision became known, the bitter with the sweet, as usual. But Margaret was learning, in these days, that bitter tonics may be helpful, though they be unpalatable at first. Thus —

"Margaret always was an odd girl, and I am not at all surprised at this."

"I don't blame her. Missionaries have an easy

time and good pay. They teach a little, or make some one else do it for them, and in return they have the natives for servants."

"I wonder how long it is since Margaret Graham set herself up for a saint! I don't think she is any better than the rest of us."

Margaret's head dropped on the window-seat, doubts and fears filling her heart. Nobody knew better than she how unworthy she was, and she wondered a little how she had ever dared to think such a high calling could be hers. An earnest prayer was whispered for strength and wisdom according to her need. As she raised her head, her eyes fell on some illuminated squares of cardboard she had received that day, designed for the quartet, and she murmured, "Grateful that my Redeemer liveth!"

Then she lost sight of herself, and began to wonder what the girls would think of these cards. They were very dainty and lovely. She had no doubt but that the girls would enjoy their beauty. But would they sign the covenant? And might they not think she was preaching to them? She had half a mind to put them away, after all. And yet, she did want to be sure the girls were in real sympathy with her! While she was still standing, holding them doubtfully in her hand, there was a knock at the door, and, before she could move, it was unceremoniously opened.

"Meg, are you here? Moping in the dark?

This will never do!" and Mollie proceeded to light the gas.

"What is that, Meg?" demanded Barbara, as she saw the card in Margaret's hand. "O-o-o-h, girls! just see this passion vine! Isn't it exquisite! But what is it?" And Barbara took possession of one of them, and sat down on the foot of the bed, girl fashion, to study it.

The others gathered around her, and again asked, "But what is it, Meg?"

"It is a Covenant Reminder, issued by the Woman's Board, to help us remember that everybody has not the privileges we have; and also as a bond of union in our missionary work. I am going to sign it, and I want so much that we should *all* sign it to-night, the last time we shall be together." Her voice trembled, while Mollie demanded a handkerchief from Lettice.

"Read the covenant aloud, Bab," she added. "It will speak for itself better than I can explain it."

And Barbara slowly and thoughtfully read:

Grateful that "I know that my Redeemer liveth;"—

Mindful that vast millions of women and girls can never hear the "tidings of great joy" unless a Christian woman be sent to them;—

Remembering that Jesus Christ made loving obedience the supreme test of discipleship, and that his last, most solemn command was, "Go, teach all nations;"

I gladly enter into this Covenant of Obedience, that I will not cease to make offerings of prayer, time and money, to the end that the daughters of sorrow in heathen lands may know the love of Jesus.

Around the edge of the card was a border of passion flowers, and at one side a round seal, having a chain and a bunch of keys and the motto, or rather motive, of the pledge:

"*For the love of Christ constraineth us.*"

There was a silence as Barbara ceased reading, broken by Mollie, who said soberly, "This means an awful lot, Meg!" She was so in earnest that the others overlooked the slang, though, I suspect, Barbara made a mental note of it.

"But, after all, girls," said Lettice, "is it any more than we ought to do, anyway? We are all church members and King's Daughters"—

"And Christian Endeavorers," interrupted Barbara.

"And Mission Circle-rs, and W. C. T. U.-ers, and Y. W. C. A.-ers, and Literary Club-bers"—

"That will do, Mollie," said Lettice, as they all broke into laughter. "I was about to say that I think we are bound to do this, anyway, and signing this covenant will make it more real, and that will help. I, for one, am in favor of signing it."

"It is too real, that's all," said Mollie, dolefully. "My conscience is dreadfully hard-worked as it

is, and I foresee no rest for it if this covenant goes into effect. Unless I take chloroform occasionally, say once a week, and give it a day off!" And the girl looked up whimsically, but she became serious at once as she caught a disappointed look on Margaret's face—and added, "I think it will help, though, and as Lettice says, we ought to do all we can, anyway, so I 'll sign. But I am glad the cards are so pretty. It takes a load off my mind, Meg," she added, mischievously, "to find the splinters or spinsters who make up that awe-inspiring Board have not entirely foresworn the beautiful. I 'm making you a ravishing sofa-pillow, and my heart has been filled with doubts as to your being allowed to take it. I did n't know but the Board appropriated all such things given to the missionaries, and put them up at auction, to buy 'Blankets and top-boots for the natives of the Cannibal Islands'!"

Margaret was at her desk, placing the pens and ink ready for the girls to sign the covenants. "Now, girls," she said, "let us sign these, and then have a last cosy talk in the moonlight."

The four friends stood there together. It meant a great deal to each of them, though they were diffident about expressing themselves. They never had talked very freely about their heart-life; it had not been necessary. There was a bond of sympathy and love among them that was stronger than words.

At length the spell was broken by Barbara, who took the pen and said: "Take it, Meg; you sign first, and we will follow. I sort of feel as if I were signing my death warrant, but it could not be in a better cause." And as Margaret arose from the chair after signing her card, Barbara seized the pen, and wrote her name in a bold, dashing hand.

"There!" she exclaimed, "the deed is done, and I feel as if I had suddenly grown up." She looked soberly on, as the others added their names.

Then Margaret produced four dainty silver keys. "The covenant badge," she exclaimed, as she pinned them on, and she repeated softly, "He hath sent *us* to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound."

Then they fell into a long chat about the future and the far-away islands to which she was so soon to go.

The next day they were up bright and early, and were busily engaged all the morning in helping Emily and Margaret with the last sad duties before leaving their childhood home forever. The girls would not allow themselves to think of this, however, and kept up a running fire of jokes and nonsense till it was time to start for the station.

"We are not going to say good-bye now, Meg, for we are all coming in to Boston to see you off, and to give you a parting salute."

"That is splendid, girls!" said Margaret. "I wanted to ask you to come, but did not dare."

"Oh, yes, we'll be there, Meg," said Mollie. "We are going to engage a brass band"—

"Tin horns, Mollie means," interrupted Barbara.

Mollie gave her a withering look, and again turning to Margaret, she said, in mock anxiety, "And, Meg, we are so afraid our handkerchiefs will give out! We have borrowed all we could, but there won't be nearly enough. Don't you suppose you could get us a lot when you get your outfit? We do not want expensive ones—say about ten cents a dozen, wholesale!"

"But what do you want with a lot of handkerchiefs?" said Margaret, bewildered. She had been saying good-bye to a crowd of people who had gathered to see her off, and had not caught all Mollie said.

"To weep in, my dear young friend! We do not want to frighten people into thinking there is another deluge, and for the public safety we want —oh, dear, there comes the train!"

And then there was a confusion of farewells, and last words, as one eager pushing crowd left one train, and another was hurriedly entering the one in which they were interested.

Margaret and Emily stood on the rear platform as the train moved out of the station, and in response to the flutter of white handkerchiefs, which

gave them a last salute, waved a loving farewell to the three friends, standing a little apart from the crowd. The train swept round a curve, and the old life and the old friends were left behind, perhaps forever.

CHAPTER III

PREPARING THE OUTFIT

Despatch necessities; life hath a load
Which must be carried on, and safely may;
Yet keep those cares without thee: let the heart
Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

THE next few weeks were busy ones for Emily and Margaret. After they were cosily settled in their rooms at "The Oxford," they gave their whole attention to the necessary preparations for Margaret's departure. Planning, purchasing and dressmaking, with the calls on her time as a prospective missionary, gave them no opportunity to brood over the parting, which was day by day drawing nearer.

One rainy afternoon they were seated before the cheerful open fire in their little sitting-room, consulting long outfit lists, which Mrs. Gray had made out to assist Margaret in her purchases.

"I don't see how you can possibly want so many things," said Emily; "Mrs. Gray has put down enough needles and pins, buttons, thread, etc., to stock a small store; and everything else is in like proportion."

"But you know, Emily dear, there are no stores

there at all," said Margaret. "We shall be three thousand miles from a spool of thread, or from a pin, Mrs. Gray says, so we must take quantities of things."

"Well, you will have quantities if you go by this list! But she has left out so many things! All the dresses she mentions are cambrics or ginghams; not a nice one among them; not a hat or pair of gloves. Of what can the woman have been thinking! What are you going to do for church wear, and when you are invited out? I believe in economy," she added, "at home or abroad, but I do think Mrs. Gray carries it too far!"

Before Margaret could answer there was a knock at the door, and a boy entered with a card which he handed to Emily.

"It is Mrs. Gray," she said. "That is good! Now we can have a long talk, and get some light on the subject. Have her come up, please," she said to the boy who was awaiting her order.

"I did not wait," cried a cheery voice. "I thought you would be in this rainy day, and it is a good time for a chat.

"Ah, this is luxury," she added, with a long-drawn sigh, as Emily seated her comfortably before the glowing fire, "to be quiet and away from people!" And she leaned back restfully in her chair.

Emily opened her lips to speak, and then closed

them again, as she noticed the weary attitude of the speaker.

Mrs. Gray was a slender, spirituelle woman, with a delicate, speaking face, though decision and energy were stamped upon it—a womanly woman, capable of standing alone.

"What have you there?" she inquired after a little; "your outfit lists?"

"Yes," answered Emily, dubiously.

Mrs. Gray gave her a quick, questioning look, and then laughed a little as she took the list from Margaret's hands.

"I beg your pardon, girls," she said, "but you have been puzzled and somewhat provoked over my suggestions, have you not? Confess now!"

They looked at each other and laughed guiltily.

Then Margaret said, "We cannot quite understand why you advise such quantities of some things, and have omitted others altogether."

"For instance?" queried Mrs. Gray. "Suppose you specify, and see if we cannot straighten it all out." And she went through the list item by item, convincing both girls of the wisdom of her suggestions. "There are no stores at all in the islands," she said. "There are a few traders, it is true; but they have only things the natives like, which are not especially useful to us. Remember, we are three thousand miles from a store or post-office. We can obtain supplies only once a year, when the missionary ship comes. So

you see the wisdom of being well supplied with the necessaries of life, and," she added, smiling a little, "you cannot say I am leading you into extravagance!"

"Decidedly not!" said Emily, with emphasis. "But, dear Mrs. Gray, you have surely forgotten some things. You only mention dresses of wash goods, and no gloves or hats! I know missionaries should be economical, but I do think they should have appropriate dresses for different occasions!"

"For what occasions do you think Margaret will need these things, my dear?" gently asked Mrs. Gray.

"Why, for church wear, surely. And then, though I suppose you do not have much society, yet"—

Mrs. Gray interrupted her. "My dear, pardon me for interrupting you, but we have absolutely *no* society! There are no white people at all but the missionaries and the traders, and the latter are not so respectable as they might be, having native wives and living very much in native fashion. We do intend dressing appropriately for church, but 'church' there is a very different thing from what it is here. Our congregation is made up of the natives, who consider themselves fortunate if they can get calico and denim for clothing, and we supply this, to a greater or less extent. We never wear gloves"—

"Margaret will like that," remarked Emily.

Mrs. Gray laughed. "If we should wear them the natives would be frightened. They would think we were pulling off our skins if we removed them! Why," she added, and an amused look came into her face, "we had a new missionary come to us once who had false teeth, and increased her scanty locks by wearing a switch. One unfortunate day one of our women saw her as she was about to retire, and was watching her curiously, when she took off the switch and removed her teeth. The woman gave a shriek, and ran trembling to the others, saying the new white woman had a demon; she could take herself all to pieces!

"Seriously, girls," she went on, "we have to dress simply and inexpensively for many reasons. One very good reason is that our salaries would not admit of any other course. More than this, the natives copy us—copy our dresses, our manner, and we want to be careful not to set them a bad example.

"But this does not mean that Margaret must dress in sackcloth and ashes, by any means," she added. "She can have as many dainty and pretty gowns as she likes, only let them be made simply. You know we are almost on the equator, and it is too warm for elaborate toilets."

"The missionary ship makes but one voyage a

year," said Emily; "then how do you get your mail?"

"When the ship comes," replied Mrs. Gray, gently; for she saw Emily was thinking with dismay of such a life for Margaret, young, social, and full of life and energy.

"Only one mail a year!" she echoed. "Meg, did you know of this?" and she turned to her sister.

"Yes, dear, I have known it for a long time," answered Margaret.

"And yet you want to go!" ejaculated Emily.

"And yet I want to go!" assented Margaret, with a contented face.

Emily looked at her a moment in silence, which was broken by Mrs. Gray. "But, girls, I have not told you my news, and I came expressly for that purpose."

They looked at her inquiringly, but did not speak.

"We have found some one else to go with us; a young lady about Margaret's age, I should judge."

"Where does she live, and what is she like?" asked Emily, Margaret's eyes seconding the questions.

"She lives just a little out of the city, in Ashville. I have not seen much of her, but she seems like a very sensible, sweet girl. 'What is she like?' I shall leave you to judge of that, as I have taken

the liberty of asking her to call on you to-morrow at four o'clock. As you will be thrown together, in traveling as well as in your work, Mr. Gray thought you might like to plan some little comforts for the journey. But you will do as you think best after getting acquainted. Now, if there is nothing else I can do for you, I must run, as we have a dinner engagement for this evening."

"Margaret gets her furniture and supplies in San Francisco, I think you said," asked Emily.

"Yes; but everything else you would better purchase here. You can probably do better where you are accustomed to shopping than in a strange city."

It was an hour later; Emily suddenly looked at Margaret in dismay. "Why, Margaret," she exclaimed, "how stupid we are! Do you realize we utterly forgot to ask the young lady's name?"

"Well, we shall find out to-morrow," answered Margaret. "I confess I dread meeting her; I am so afraid she will not like me."

"Don't borrow trouble, dear," said Emily. "She must be nice, or Mrs. Gray would not be so pleased about her."

The next day dawned bright and clear. The girls spent a long morning in shopping, but were back again trying to occupy themselves with some sewing, as four o'clock drew near.

Just as the clock chimed the hour, there came a quick little knock at the door.

"Punctual!" murmured Emily, under her breath, as she arose and opened it.

"I beg your pardon," said a clear voice, out of the dusky hall; "but is Miss Margaret Graham at home?"

"Yes," replied Emily; "will you come in?"

The young lady stepped into the room, then looked inquiringly from Emily to Margaret. "I am Margaret Graham," said Margaret, coming forward; "and this is my sister Emily."

The young lady greeted them both, then took the chair offered her by Margaret.

"I am afraid you will think me rude," said Emily, "but we would like very much to know your name!"

The visitor looked at her in surprise, and then broke into a peal of merry laughter.

"Is it possible Mrs. Gray has not told you!" she exclaimed. "What must you think of me to come upon you so unceremoniously! I could not find a bell-boy, and, as Mrs. Gray had arranged for me to come at this hour, I took it for granted you would know all about me, and so ventured up without sending my card. And I wanted to make such a good impression, too!" she added ruefully. "I am Dorothy Ellis,"—laying her card on the table—"and now I suppose we are properly introduced!"

They all laughed, and the feeling that they were strangers wore away as they talked of the untried

life before them, and planned somewhat for mutual helpfulness.

As Miss Ellis arose to take leave of them, she turned to Margaret and said frankly, "I am so relieved to find you are young! Mrs. Gray would tell me nothing about you, and I have imagined all sorts of horrors—that you would be 'fair, fat and forty,' and all that sort of thing!"

"The popular idea of a missionary seems to be a concentration of age and ugliness," said Emily, laughingly; "but I think you girls will break the record!"

Margaret's opinion of Miss Ellis, and her experiences during the next few weeks, can best be told by herself, in a letter to "the girls."

"THE OXFORD," BOSTON.
March 15th, 18—

MY DEAR GIRLS:

I have actually a whole morning at my disposal, and, as my shopping is nearly done, my outfit completed, and I have seen quite a little of Miss Ellis, I think I can safely tell you "all about everything" according to your instructions.

First, then, Miss Dorothy Ellis:

Imagine a young woman of twenty-four. She is just three months older than I am—rather short and stout; a face that is always dimpling into smiles, in spite of her efforts to be "dignified"; quick in her speech and manner; apt to be sarcastic, but repenting the next minute; she makes fun of everything, but is tender-hearted, sensible, and knows a great deal more than I do! She has

a fine education, both intellectually and practically; can make her own dresses, cook, and, as she says, "wield the broom to the manner born"! I think we shall get along nicely together, and I am relieved to find she is not old and stiff. And what do you think, girls! The very first time I saw her she confessed to having expected to find me "fair, fat and forty," or something to that effect—the "typical missionary" Emily says.

Now for the history of these past weeks, in a nutshell:

I think, or used to think, I had a womanly weakness for shopping, but I am thoroughly cured. I have done enough in that line since I saw you to last me all the time I shall be away, if it be ten years!

"What have I bought?" Ask me what I have not bought, and I can tell you better! Needles; pins; threads, black and white, and all colors of the rainbow; elastic; buttons; hooks and eyes; tapes; hosiery; handkerchiefs; hairpins—and hairpins!—flannels—though why one needs flannels for the equator passes my comprehension. Mrs. Gray says, "Dampness, my dear, dampness; it rains there three hundred and sixty-five days in the year!" It seems they have frequent short, sharp showers, raining as if the ocean was tipped upside down over their heads, then bright, warm sunshine —till the next shower. The missionaries never go out without overshoes and umbrellas; I have bought four pairs of overshoes, one pair of rubber boots, and three umbrellas—one year's supply.

I have not the time to tell you of the dry goods, bed-linen, table-linen, stationery, medicines, books, dishes, that I have bought. Then the furniture

and provisions and "last things" are to be purchased in San Francisco.

Speaking of provisions, I must tell you of a ridiculous thing I said the other day. You know I have had to speechify somewhat about the islands, since I received my appointment, though I cannot see why I should be supposed to know so much more about them than anybody else. I was speaking one evening, and some one asked me, "What do you expect to eat when you get away off in the South Pacific?"

I was tired; I had already answered a great many questions, and I said, without thinking how it would sound, "We shall have canned goods—canned meats, soups, fruits, vegetables, in short, *all sorts of canni-ble foods!*" There was a perfect shout of laughter, and poor me! I could not think what I had said that was so laughable, till Dr. W——, who was presiding, arose, and very gravely said, "We are all familiar with the adage 'When you are in Rome, do as the Romans do,' but I had not realized this law of courtesy was carried so far as to make cannibals of the missionaries to the cannibal islands!"

I think I told you in my last letter that we are to leave on the first of June, and expect to sail from San Francisco on the twenty-eighth; this will give us time to cross the continent leisurely, and then have about ten days for shopping in San Francisco before the steamer sails. We take the missionary ship at Honolulu. I do not know how much time we shall have there, but I hope a few days, at least, to see the city.

Everybody is very kind to me, and I am so happy in thinking of the future; I like to think of our covenants, and to know that we shall be still

united in purpose and heart, even if we are separated from each other. I believe I have found my niche in this great workaday world, and I believe you are all going to find yours. Barbara said, when she signed the covenant, she felt as if she had suddenly grown up, and I think we all do.

Do write often. I miss you all so much, and am longing to see you. Do not forget to send me your photographs—I have mine almost ready to send you.

Very much love to you all,

MEG.

CHAPTER IV

O'ER LAND AND SEA

> **Cast all your care on God: that anchor holds;**
> **Is He not yonder in the uttermost**
> **Parts of the morning? If I flee to these**
> **Can I go from Him? And the sea is His,**
> **The sea is His; He made it.**
>
> —*Tennyson.*

It was the last morning. The sun was just appearing over the distant hilltops. Margaret stood at the window watching it, and thinking of the new and untried life upon which she was about to enter. She took her Bible, turning the leaves softly so as not to disturb Emily, who was still sleeping quietly; she wanted some promise for this morning—some word from her Father in heaven, to take with her as she left the old home and friends, and went forth in obedience to his command. As she turned the leaves aimlessly, her eyes fell upon the words:

"Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

She raised her face to the fresh morning sun-

light; she had found her word for the day, and for all the days of her life.

There came an imperative knock at the door of their sitting-room. Emily opened her eyes sleepily and said, "See who it is, Meg; it's very early."

"Who is it?" called Margaret, going into the other room.

"It's Bab, and the girls. Do hurry and let us in!"

Margaret hastened to open the door. "Where did you come from, you precious trio!" she said. "It's hours before the first train from Grafton!"

"Yes," replied Lettice Alden. "But we took time by the forelock and came last night."

"You did!" said Margaret; "but where did you stay?"

"We thought we would leave you in peace for the last evening," said Barbara, "so we went to Young's."

"How did you ever dare!" said Margaret, with awe.

"Oh, but it was rich!" cried Mollie. "I wish you had been there, Meg!" And the girls all laughed. "We went in as if we had lived in hotels all our days, and asked for a room with two beds, with all the dignity we could put on; we were rather frightened, though."

"Yes," chimed in Barbara, "and they made me do all the talking! The clerk was so scandalized

at the idea of three people in one room that he came to the parlor to look us over before taking us in. And when we told him we wished to settle the bill then, as we should leave very early, the poor man looked so bewildered that I really wanted to assure him we were perfectly sane!" And they again broke into laughter at the recollection.

"This is good of you," said Emily, as she and Margaret were rapidly making their toilets. "We were a little afraid you might not come, after all."

"We would have come if we had been obliged to walk," declared Mollie, most emphatically.

"You have not been to breakfast, girls?" said Emily, inquiringly.

"No," answered Lettice. "We thought we would have a parting feast with you and Meg."

In spite of the girls' efforts at cheerfulness, the "feast" was a dismal affair, and none of them were sorry when the carriage was announced.

They were early at the station, but they found Mr. and Mrs. Gray there before them, and soon Dorothy Ellis and her friends appeared, closely followed by Dr. Calhoun and several ladies—"splinters of the Board"—as Mollie Grayson wickedly whispered to Lettice Alden.

Many a curious look was cast at the little party, as they waited for their train. The two girls made a pretty picture, in their simple traveling suits, with demure little hats above their

bright faces, their hands full of beautiful glowing roses, which they were generously sharing with the friends who surrounded them.

"I wonder who they are!" said a lady standing near.

"Missionaries, I hear," answered her companion.

"Missionaries! But it cannot be possible! Why, they look so bright and happy, and are dressed in such perfect taste. Are you sure?"

"So Dr. Calhoun just told me," said the gentleman.

"Well," she exclaimed, "if they are missionaries, they are more like ordinary mortals than any I have seen. I think missionaries of that sort would be worth cultivating!"

"I wonder if she would not like an introduction," said Barbara, softly. "This is one time that listeners have heard some good of themselves, at any rate!"

"Good to start on!" smiled Dorothy.

At that moment the porter's stentorian tones rang through the room:

"Overland Express now ready on track No. 3! Stops at Springfield, Albany, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland *and* Chicago!"

"That is our train!" exclaimed Mr. Gray.

There was a confusion of hand-clasps, embraces and last words, and they found themselves in their coach—though the girls never had a very clear idea

as to how they got there—and looking with unseeing eyes from the window.

> "In that new world toward which our feet are set
> Shall we find aught to make our hearts forget
> To long for those we love, and leave awhile?"

wondered Margaret. For a few moments she felt utterly broken-hearted, and a wild longing for her sister swept over her.

Mrs. Gray instinctively understood what was going on under the still face, and drew the girl into the corner of a seat, where she could shield her from observation. Margaret was thankful that she did not speak, for it would have taken but little to break down her self-control. Mrs. Gray sat silently holding her hand in a firm, loving clasp.

At last Margaret spoke. "I am ashamed of myself, dear Mrs. Gray. It is only the leaving home."

"My dear, I know all about it. It is but natural that you feel so. It means a great deal for a girl to break away from all the home ties, but I know how gladly you have done this, that there is not the shadow of a wish to turn back in your heart. You know Christina Rosetti says:

> While I love my God the most, I deem
> That I can never love you overmuch."

Margaret raised her head. "Thank you," she said. "The thought has helped me;" and the

peaceful light in her eyes told that the mental storm was over, and she was herself again.

On they sped. Home, friends and all that had been dear to them were left behind. The lonely isles in the far-off Southern seas were before them and the Almighty Father was over all.

The following day, as Margaret and Dorothy were talking together, Mr. Gray held up a square package: "Miss Margaret, do you want something?"

"That depends upon what it is," she replied.

"This package," he said, taking it to her. "One of your friends gave it to me when we left Boston, with instructions to give it to you to-day."

Margaret thanked him as she took it. On the outside was written:

"To be opened at once—that is, as soon as you get it! BAB AND THE GIRLS."

"That sounds just like Barbara," said Margaret, as she removed the wrappings and revealed a dainty little box of pale blue celluloid, with delicate silver trimmings. As she opened it with the tiny silver key, a letter fell out, but they caught a glimpse of the contents.

"Bonbons!" said Margaret, "and they are marked. This one says 'First day.'"

"Read your letter, Margaret," said Dorothy. "That will explain." So Margaret read:

DEAR MEG:

You and Dorothy are to pull one of these

bonbons every day, very carefully; then you are to go absolutely by the directions. We hope you will enjoy them.

LETTICE, MOLLIE and BAB.

"Then this one marked 'First day' must be for to-day," said Dorothy.

"Yes," returned Margaret. "But I don't see any particular directions, do you?"

"No; only you are to open one a day, and I am to assist at the performance."

"Let's open it now," said Margaret.

So Dorothy pulled, and as the fancy wrappings flew apart, something fell to the floor of the car.

"A bank note!" said Mr. Gray, as he picked it up and gave it to Margaret.

She straightened it out, and found it to be a five dollar note, with a slip of paper pinned to it:

Mark Twain's 'Innocents Abroad' .	$2.00
2 Lavender Salts	$1.00
Confectionery	$2.00

For MEG and DOROTHY.

Signed—BAB, LETTICE and MOLLIE.

"Well, that is certainly an original idea," remarked Mr. Gray, when they had examined and put away the note with its directions.

"Isn't it!" said Dorothy. "And how kind they are to remember me. I have always meant to read 'Innocents Abroad,' and it will be good to read on shipboard."

"Yes, and decidedly appropriate!" put in Mr. Gray, mischievously, as he returned to his seat.

Each day the girls pulled one of the bonbons. One day a slip of paper fell out, bearing the words:

When you reach San Francisco, go to the California Furniture Company, and send your cards to the desk.

Per order of

BAB, LETTICE and MOLLIE.

The next day there was another bank note, with directions pinned on, "For two hammocks." Then another slip of paper, on which was written: "Go to the United States Express Office and inquire for a package."

The last bonbon contained a note bearing Mr. Gray's name. In surprise the girls passed it to him, and waited with some impatience, while he read and reread it. At length he gave it to Mrs. Gray, who read it and said smilingly, "Perhaps Margaret can explain it," and passed it to her.

Margaret took it, and womanlike, glanced first at the signature. "'A. E. Alden!' Lettice Alden's father!" she said in surprise.

"Read it, Meg; read it!" said Dorothy, impatiently. "I am in a fever to know what it is all about."

So Margaret read:

MY DEAR MR. GRAY:

My little girl tells me you and your party

will have to spend some days if not weeks in San Francisco, making your final preparations for life in your Crusoe isle. She says you will go to a boarding-house, and "rub along" as best you can, so as to reduce expenses.

We desire to make your last days in civilization as pleasant as possible, and I have arranged with the Secretary of the Board at San Francisco that you go to the Occidental Hotel at my expense. I must explain that I wished to send you a check directly for this purpose; but my daughter insisted that you would use it in your work, and deny yourselves the more comfortable lodgings. I acquiesce in her wishes, as she has had the pleasure of knowing you better than I do.

Wishing you every success and blessing in your work, I am,

Yours very truly,
A. E. ALDEN.

"I am so glad!" said Margaret. "Mr. Alden has ample means, and he delights in doing just such things as this."

"He is very generous," said Mr. Gray, warmly. "We shall find the Occidental much more convenient than a boarding-house would be."

And so it proved. The last days before sailing were full to overflowing with the "last things." They purchased furniture and ordered their provisions—canned goods, in the main, or, according to Margaret, "all sorts of canni-ble things."

The girls did not forget to obey the directions of the bonbon gifts; they made their purchases,

and then went to the California Furniture Company and sent their cards to the desk, waiting with some curiosity for the result.

"It's like the 'Three Wishes,' said Dorothy, "only I hope it won't result in black pudding!"

At that moment a clerk came to them and said, inquiringly, "Miss Graham and Miss Ellis?"

"Yes," replied Margaret.

"We have steamer-chairs for you, ordered by people in the East. Perhaps you would like to look at them and give directions for marking. Come this way, please."

They followed him to the rear of the building, and he showed them two handsome chairs. The girls were much pleased with them, and well they might be.

"Now for the express-office," said Margaret, gaily, as they left the store. "I thought the girls were up to something when I was at home, but I did not imagine anything like this."

"It is ever so much nicer than if they had given the things outright," said Dorothy. "It is such an original idea, too!"

By this time they had reached the express-office, and entering, inquired if there was anything for them.

"A package came yesterday," was the reply. "Where shall we send it?"

On finding it was too large for them to carry, they directed that it be sent to the Occidental.

It reached there before they did, and proved to contain two soft and beautiful steamer-rugs, and two down pillows, covered with some dark Oriental stuff woven with threads of silver. In the corner of each were their initials, exquisitely embroidered in silver threads.

"Well!" ejaculated Dorothy. "Those things don't look much like the property of poor missionaries, do they!"

"Don't be afraid of any of the good things that fall to your lot, girls," said Mrs. Gray. "You will find room for self-denial and real sacrifice without going to meet them."

The next day they sailed. The girls were glad there were only strangers to see them off this time, for they found, rather to their surprise, how dear their country was to them; and as the steamer plowed its way down the harbor and out of the Golden Gate, they stood together watching the fast receding shore-line, and sang with fervor as they had never sung before:

> I love thy rocks and rills,
> Thy woods and templed hills;
> My heart with rapture thrills —

Just then they were leaving the harbor, and the steamer was plunging heavily in the swells. The descent from their patriotic fervor was as ridiculous as it was sudden.

"My heart with rapture thrills," sang Margaret.

"The thrill has got in the wrong place, Meg!" groaned Dorothy. "I never loved America so much as now—no, never!" she exclaimed, with increasing fervor. "Why did n't we bring a piece of it along to remember it by—just enough to stand on!"

There was a silence.

"Ah-h-h," gasped Margaret, suddenly. "Dorothy, let 's sit down."

They turned to their steamer-chairs, and found that Mr. Gray had thoughtfully brought their rugs and pillows from their stateroom.

Both girls had enough to take up their attention in struggling with a civil war which raged within, and in a mental conflict over the mooted question "whether seasickness is a mental or a physical malady."

At length Dorothy stole a look at Margaret. "Are you alive, Meg?" she asked.

"Alive, and ravenously hungry!" was the prompt reply.

"So am I, Meg. They say we can have our dinner here."

And they did. Both girls soon proved good sailors, and after these first hours they thoroughly enjoyed the voyage.

The first days out it was decidedly cold, and they were glad of their wraps. But day by day the wind became softer and warmer, the skies more blue, and the sea calmer and of a more

changeful beauty, until one grand moonlight evening the word went round, "we shall see land at daybreak"—that magical word after seven days of sea and sky.

CHAPTER V

FAIR OAHU'S SHORE

——The magic charm of foreign lands,
With shadows of palms and shining sands,
And the tumbling surf o'er the coral reef—
—*On fair Oahu's shore!*

THE gulls were circling about the ship when the girls went on deck the next morning. Meg and Dorothy scanned the horizon eagerly, but much to their disappointment could see no land—a hazy bank of bluish-black clouds hung heavily over the distant sea.

"I thought we were to sight land at daybreak," said Dorothy.

"The clouds must hide it from our view," answered Margaret.

Just then the captain passed them with a cheery "Good-morning," and "Are you looking at the land?"

"We are looking for it," answered Dorothy; "how soon can we see it?"

"Why, there it is!" said he, pointing to the horizon.

"I see nothing but those heavy banks of clouds."

"Clouds! Bless your heart, there is n't a cloud in the sky this morning; that is land—Molokai."

"That land!" exclaimed both girls. But even as they spoke the airy nothingness was changing into outlines and then into mountains and rocky headlands, with a white belt of foaming, dashing breakers, whose dull, heavy roar sounded like distant artillery.

And still they moved onward—onward, "through summer seas to sunny isles," with the land in sight, a cloud isle in the distance—a tangible reality near by. A few hours more brought them off Koko Point, a bare, brown volcanic cliff, sloping steeply from the white line of breakers that thunder at its base.

"This one of the Hawaiian Islands!" exclaimed Dorothy. "Why, I thought"—

"Do n't think!" said Mr. Gray; "it is n't time to think, and this is not one of the Hawaiian Islands. It is only a spot on one of them; you might as well judge of America by the alkali plains!"

On swept the steamer, past Koko Point, round Diamond Head—an extinct volcano—past the green loveliness of Wikiki, where they caught glimpses of houses amid the trees,—and where the appearance of the steamer was greeted by the stars and stripes flung to the breeze. Beyond lay the city, in a bed of foliage, with a background of mountains, here brown and bare, there green

and beautiful, with suggestions of shady and enchanting valleys between.

The steamer was in the harbor, and the waters were alive with crafts of every description, from the stately ship of war to the tiny canoe. The steamer was soon surrounded by the dusky island boys, swimming and swarming on all sides.

"Why are they doing that?" asked Margaret.

"Look!" said Mr. Gray; and he dropped a dime overboard. Instantly there was a splashing, a waving of brown feet in the air, and then a boy of nine or ten years came puffing to the surface, with the dime between his teeth. Another and another threw money overboard, and like a flash they were after it.

Both Margaret and Dorothy were watching the play in the water so intently that they did not notice that the steamer had moved up alongside the wharf till Mr. Gray called to them, and looking up, they found themselves face to face with people whom they had not before seen.

"And these are the young ladies," said a sweet-faced motherly woman, holding both hands out to them. "We are most happy to welcome you to Honolulu!"

"Mrs. Stanton is a missionary mother," said Mr. Gray, "because she has been in the islands herself, and because she is still a missionary."

"Once a missionary, always a missionary, Mr.

Gray!" said a tall, dignified man. "Introduce me to the young ladies, please!"

"Dr. Stanton—a missionary father."

And then more people came to be introduced, until the girls were fairly bewildered.

"I am going to take you home with me," said Mrs. Stanton; "and I shall carry you off now, if you are ready. These people will have other opportunities to see you."

And before the girls realized it all they found themselves driving through strange streets, strange faces and scenes all about them, and yet feeling as if Dr. and Mrs. Stanton were old friends.

They were interested in the native people. A young woman passed them, on horseback, riding astride, and wearing something that looked like the "Mother Hubbard." They noticed that nearly all the native women wore similar garments, some very elaborately trimmed and made with long trains.

"Do all the women wear 'Mother Hubbards'?" asked Dorothy at length, her curiosity getting the better of her determination not to ask questions.

"They wear a gown very similar to that," answered Mrs. Stanton; "but the natives call them 'holokus.' It is much better adapted to this people and this climate than our fashions."

They had driven through several rather narrow streets, and had come out on a wide and beautifully kept macadamized road.

"This is King Street," said Dr. Stanton; "we

shall pass the palace very soon." And in a few moments he pointed out to them a large square building, having double verandas in front, and surrounded by beautiful grounds. "Opposite are the government buildings," continued Dr. Stanton, driving slowly that they might see; "and in front is a statue of the first Kamehameha. You can just see it through the trees."

"I think we would better hurry home," said Mrs. Stanton; "it is nearly lunch time, and you know we have a reception this afternoon. You will have a little time to rest first," she added, turning to the girls; "though for that matter you do not look as if you needed it!"

"I don't think we do," answered Margaret; "but we shall be glad to get rid of our traveling suits; we have worn them almost constantly for a month past."

"You won't be bothered with traveling suits or fashions where you are going," remarked Dr. Stanton. "I would n't wonder if you adopted that fashion!"—pointing to a native woman robed in a "holoku." "But here we are at home," he added, as they drew up before a house embowered in trees and vines and flowering shrubs, the greater part of which were new to the girls.

Mrs. Stanton led them through a wide, cool hall, up a broad stairway, to a pleasant room with low windows opening on a little balcony and facing the mountains, with just a glimpse of the sea.

They found their trunks were there before them. "That is good," said Mrs. Stanton; "now you will have about an hour before luncheon, and immediately after we shall have to start for the reception, as it is quite a little drive out to Wikiki."

Dorothy turned a bewildered face to Margaret when Mrs. Stanton had left them. "Do you understand about this reception, Meg?" she asked.

"I have n't the faintest idea about it," said Margaret; "only it is evident that we are expected to appear! And now the question is, what do people wear? Do you suppose American fashions are kept up here?"

"I do n't know," returned Dorothy, "but I am going to ask Mrs. Stanton."

Just as she opened the door, that lady passed through the hall.

"Oh, Mrs. Stanton!" said Dorothy; "we want your advice!"

"Well, my dear?" she said, pleasantly.

"We do not know what we should wear to this reception—if we have anything suitable"—with a sudden misgiving that a wardrobe prepared for the South Sea Islands would hardly be broad enough for fashion's decrees.

"Wear something simple and cool—a white dress, if you have one; and I have an abundance of flowers for you both. The reception is given

to greet the missionaries, and the people will be more interested in you than in what you wear!"

The girls looked very pretty in their dainty white gowns. Dorothy's was of some thin material, trimmed with exquisite lace—"a relic of her school-days," she said; while Margaret wore a gown of soft white silk, almost severe in its simplicity, but setting off her slender graceful figure to advantage.

They were all ready to go, and had been enjoying the beautiful view from the window, when suddenly Dorothy said, "Margaret, I'm scared! I know I shall disgrace myself. I did not think we would have this sort of thing!"

Margaret stood still, looking from the window; at last she spoke: "Have you read 'Helps' for to-day?"

"No," answered Dorothy, "but what has that to do with this reception?"

"Let us read it," said Margaret, taking the book from the table, and kneeling at Dorothy's side so both could read.

"I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go." He reveals your way to you one step at a time, in the little things of your daily life, asking only on your part that you yield yourself up to his guidance.

"Do you think this reception is his guidance?" asked Dorothy, softly.

"It must be his will for us," said Margaret; and the brown head dropped for an instant on Dorothy's hands, and an earnest prayer was whispered that they might always follow Him to whom they had given their lives—in the little things as well as in the greater service.

A few moments later luncheon was announced, and the girls went down. Then came a long and delightful drive through the town, and for several miles along the ocean side to Wikiki, the seaside resort of the Honolulu people. Dr. and Mrs. Stanton pointed out the various tropical trees and objects of interest as they went along, and all too soon they reached their destination.

Their hostess welcomed them most cordially, and then followed introductions. Every one had some pleasant word for the girls, causing them to forget that they were strangers in a strange land, and five thousand miles from home.

Margaret met every one with a grave, sweet dignity which won their hearts, while Dorothy seemed to have forgotten her fears, and was talking with animation and an utter absence of self-consciousness which was very attractive. They greatly enjoyed the afternoon, but were not sorry when Mrs. Stanton asked them if they were ready to go home.

The days flew by on fairy wings, each one bringing to them some new pleasure.

"Well!" said Dorothy one day, as she threw

herself rather wearily on the bed, "I thought I knew something of society before leaving home, but now I know what 'being in the swim' means!"

"What does it mean, and how have you discovered it?" asked Margaret.

Dorothy sat up. "It is now just twelve days since we landed, and how many meals do you suppose we have eaten in this house?"

"I have n't an idea," answered Margaret, leaning comfortably back in her rocker, and turning an amused face toward Dorothy.

"Just five! I 've kept count," said Dorothy, with emphasis. "Seven times we have been breakfasted, thirteen times we have been luncheon-ed, and eleven times we have been dinner-ed; and in between have been two or three receptions and several drives, to say nothing of the meetings. I am being entertained, not wisely, but too well," she groaned. "I am all tired out, and I am getting so cross and crabbed I shall soon be under the painful necessity of 'winding up that missionary smile' of Barbara's."

"You poor child!" said Margaret, laughingly, "you are a modern missionary martyr—but you have seemed to enjoy your martyrdom!"

"Of course I have enjoyed it; who would not, among such charming people? But I am tired all the same," she added, relapsing into a despondent

tone as she dived viciously at the pillows on which she was lying.

"Never mind, dear. I have some news for you; I saw Mr. Gray yesterday"—

"So did I," grumbled Dorothy, from the bed.

"And we are to go to the Pali to-morrow."

A groan was the only reply.

"And Saturday morning we are to go up Punchbowl and have breakfast up there."

Another dismal groan from the bed.

Margaret went on: "And Sunday morning we are to have a farewell meeting in Central Union Church, and another service in the evening, when we each have to make a little speech"—

"I won't!" broke in Dorothy, stubbornly.

"And Monday afternoon, at two o'clock, we are to—sail!"

"No! you don't mean it!" exclaimed Dorothy, aroused at last, and sitting up, a tumbled heap, on the bed. "Really?"

Then, catching sight of Margaret's face she jumped from the bed and waltzed her around the room two or three times without stopping.

"Do stop! Mrs. Stanton will wonder what we are doing!" said Margaret, as soon as she could speak.

"I am glad!" said Dorothy, in a heartfelt tone, as she subsided. "Only," she added, after a little, "I shall be sorry to leave Honolulu. I have fallen in love with the people here!"

"We are in Paradise, and of course the people are angels," said Margaret.

Dorothy stared at her. "What do you mean?"

"Do n't you know that Hawaii is called the Paradise of the Pacific?"

"No, I never heard that before, but it is rightly named; and I believe there are more cultivated and altogether charming people here than in any one city in the states."

"You are not the first one to make that discovery—or perhaps you are quoting from the guide-book?" said Margaret, rather mischievously.

"I am not!" said Dorothy, indignantly. "I did not even know there was a guide-book on Hawaii!"

The next day they went to the Pali, at the end of Nuuanu Valley. The older people went in carriages, but the younger ones preferred horseback; Margaret and Dorothy among them.

They went through shady avenues, past beautiful residences with broad lawns, brilliant with tropical foliage and flowers; then up the valley, past the royal Mausoleum, where the tall and once graceful kakili's—the plumes of royalty—still stand; fit emblems of Hawaiian royalty, their glory a thing of the past, nothing but a drooping mass of discolored feathers remaining to tell of what had been.

As they ascended high and higher, Margaret

found at her side the surgeon from an American war-ship lying in the harbor. Dr. Everett proved an interesting companion, as he had been to the Pali before, and could point out to her the places of interest.

At last they came to a narrow defile at the base of a high precipitous peak—or rather winding upward around the side of the mountain—and following this path, a magnificent spectacle burst upon them; they were awed into silence.

On either side were lofty peaks, while directly before them was a precipice going sheer down, down, more than a thousand feet to the valley below. Men looked like atoms, wide rivers were tiny silver threads, and trees were but bushes to those who stood on that lofty height and gazed down. The valley was beautiful; divided into farms and rice lands and sugar plantations. On the north were green-clad hills and lofty mountains, ending in the headland of Kualoa, and then a magnificent sweep of seacoast.

They were in a world of silence. The everlasting hills were round about them, and below, the quiet, restful valley stretched out to meet the shimmering, restless sea, and voiceless waves were breaking upon the silent shore.

"Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the

world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art—GOD!"

It was Dr. Everett who spoke, his head reverently bared to the breeze, his face grand in its strength and earnestness.

The drive up Punch-bowl the next day was tame after the Pali, but it gave them a fine view of the city nestled at its base, the harbor crowded with shipping, while beyond the white line of surf which marked the breakers, stretched the blue, blue sea, dotted here and there with a white sail.

The day following was the Sabbath, and their last in civilization. All the services of the day bore in mind the near departure of the little band; the thought of the morning sermon was from the text:

"As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

"Our friends," said the preacher, "will bear the burden and heat of the day; let us not forget to work with them, remembering that we also are 'workers together with God,' while from our very hearts we pray 'thy kingdom come'!"

The evening service was more particularly a farewell, a Godspeed to the little band. "Ye are ambassadors for Christ. An ambassador is a minister of the highest rank sent to a foreign country to represent his sovereign. You have a high calling; you go to a foreign land, but your citizenship is in heaven. Ever be mindful of your

nationality; ever keep the banner of that country floating o'er you. Then will you truly represent your King. Then will you have power, not in yourselves—the power is behind you, even in the throne of God! Has not he commanded you? 'Be strong and of a good courage; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest'!"

CHAPTER VI

THE LONG VOYAGE

I know not where His islands lift
  Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
  Beyond His love and care.

—*Whittier.*

THE farewell meeting was over; the crowds of people had left the ship and were gathered on the wharf; the last farewell had been said; the last, last note hastily written to be sent to the friends in the home land, never so dear as now. The lines were cast off, and slowly the little vessel responded to her helm, and swung around into the stream, the distance between her and the pier widening and still widening—it seemed to Margaret as if her life was somehow dropping away from her, as she stood there; and still the distance increased. But hark! a last farewell was wafted to them upon the breeze:

God be with you till we meet again.
  'Neath His wings protecting hide you.
  Daily manna still provide you;
God be with you till we meet again!

Fainter and yet fainter grew the strain

> God be with you till we meet again.
> When life's perils thick confound you,
> Put His arms unfailing round you;
> God be with you—

They could no longer hear the words, but the sound came faintly to them on the breeze, until it mingled with the music of the waves around them, and the long silence—that silence which may be the voice of God—enfolded them; for to those whose ear is attuned to catch the meaning, the sea and sky are eloquent of the Father, whose voice is as the sound of many waters, and the Spirit of God is still brooding over the deep.

They all remained on deck as long as they could distinguish anything, but at length Honolulu was but a bower of green foliage, pierced here and there by a church spire, with slender gilded finger pointing heavenward. Behind and around the city were the protecting mountains, rising green and beautiful near the city, but bare and brown in the outer circles, until they faded away even as they had first appeared. Nothing remained but the memory of loving hearts and sympathetic voices, and a low-lying bank of purplish clouds on the horizon.

Then Margaret and Dorothy shook off the homesickness which was threatening to engulf them, and started on a pilgrimage of discovery over their little vessel.

"Does n't it seem queer to have a whole ship to ourselves, Dorothy?" said Margaret, as they were getting settled in their staterooms—there was only a little alcove between.

> "I am monarch of all I survey,
> My right there is none to dispute;
> From the center"—

began Dorothy, dramatically.

"There is n't much room

> From the center all round to the sea,

is there?" broke in Margaret.

"Never mind! we have all the room there is, anyhow!" returned Dorothy, gaily. "Now let's go and see how Mr. and Mrs. Gray are; I am afraid they have succumbed to the inevitable, and taken to their berths."

So it proved; and for a week the girls saw nothing of them save the glimpses they had in their frequent visits of condolence.

The girls explored to their hearts' content during those first few days. Such a tiny ship it was! But gradually they became accustomed to their new surroundings, and settled down to a quiet enjoyment of the voyage.

Meanwhile, day by day, they were speeding southward. The rough seas had been left in northern latitudes. Mr. and Mrs. Gray were again with them, and they read together, wrote voluminous journals,

at least the girls did, and were never weary of hearing of the new scenes to which they were going, and the people whom they were to help.

One Saturday at dinner the captain announced, "We shall cross the meridian about midnight, if this wind holds good."

"And then what next?" asked Dorothy.

"Monday next," he replied. "Sunday is thrown out, and we sail from Saturday into Monday. You will be a day ahead of your friends at home."

"But what are we to do about Sunday?" asked Margaret.

"That is for you people to say," replied Captain Gilson. "We usually keep it all the same."

"It does not matter much," said Mrs. Gray, "except that we have service. Every day is much like Sunday on board ship."

"Yes," said Margaret, "I utterly lost my reckoning, and last Sunday was going on deck with my embroidery when Dorothy stopped me!"

"That was because the cook gave us beans on Friday instead of Saturday!" said the captain, laughing.

"Well," said Mr. Gray, joining the group, "we shall all know that to-morrow is Sunday, at any rate!"

"You are off your reckoning, Mr. Gray; it is n't Sunday, it is Monday!"

"What 's in a name?" quoth Dorothy, amid the laugh which followed.

So the days slipped by. The sun was climbing high and higher, making it uncomfortable much of the day on deck, but the evenings were glorious, and repaid them for the discomforts of the day.

The ocean was very smooth one evening as they went on deck for their usual promenade before settling down in their steamer-chairs. There was hardly a ripple on the water. The sun was just above the western horizon, a great glowing dull-red ball, while directly opposite the moon was rising. As the sun gradually sank to rest in its ocean bed, the reflection on the water was indescribably lovely—all a deep, deep red, shading into a royal purple in the undulations in the wake of the ship, which scintillated and gleamed with flakes of phosphorus:

> A path of shining glory
> Straight from the distant west.

On the other side of the ship the fast-rising moon was making another radiant path on the water. They were sailing along through a sea of glory. The slender masts were writing, with ghostly fingers, some strange hieroglyphic message upon the starry sky.

"'The heavens declare the glory of God,'" said Margaret, softly.

"It makes one feel so small and so insignificant," said Dorothy, with a long-drawn sigh.

"Remember what was said at our farewell

meeting, Dorothy dear," said Margaret, "that 'we are workers together with God;' that we must forget the 'I,' and 'mine,' and learn to say 'we' and 'ours.' Just think of such a partnership! Isn't it wonderful, when we really stop to think of it, that we can work, not only for him, but with him!—with Christ!"

"Christ and I," said Dorothy slowly and reverently. "Thank you, Margaret," she added, after a pause; "you always manage to say the right thing. I wish I could!"

One by one the stars were peeping out overhead, shining more and more brilliantly as the night "wrapped her sable mantle" around the little ship. They were not the same constellations with which the girls had been familiar since their childhood days. They had one by one sunk beneath the horizon, and new and strange constellations were shining down upon them. Far down on the horizon hung the Southern Cross, beckoning them onward, growing enticingly brighter with each day's approach to the equator.

It was their last Sabbath at sea. The girls had taken their Bibles, and were cosily seated in the shadow of one of the sails. They had been there for some time gazing dreamily out over the wide expanse of waters and thinking of the new life and work upon which they were so soon to enter.

"I wonder what is going on," said Dorothy.

"The captain has been looking ahead with his glass, and now the second mate just went into the pilot-house and got the big telescope, and he is using that."

"Where are they?" asked Margaret, rousing herself. "Let's go and see what it is."

At that moment the first officer came to them. "Captain wants to know if you would n't like to come and see this tree in the water; we shall pass it before long."

"We were just coming to see what you were all looking at," said Dorothy, as they went forward with him.

It was an immense tree, some hundred feet in length.

"That tree must have been in the water a long time," said the captain, "or those roots above the water would not have bleached so white."

"Where do you suppose it came from?" asked Margaret.

"It must be one of those that were uprooted during a great tornado they had at Java some twelve years ago," answered Captain Gilson. "For several years there were many of these trees drifting about in the ocean, and this one has at last found its way here."

There were a number of "boobies" resting among the roots, some of them asleep with their heads hanging down, or tucked out of sight, their long, red legs showing vividly against the white

roots among which they were standing. The captain and officers hailed them vigorously as the ship was passing by. They raised their heads as if startled, and some of them arose in the air and floated gracefully away. It seemed very strange to come upon this bit of life in the midst of the ocean solitude.

It was drawing toward evening of that same day. One sailor or another had been aloft since daybreak, watching for the land.

Suddenly a loud ringing cry came down to them.

"Land-ho! land-ho-o-o!"

"Where away?" shouted the captain, while the four passengers eagerly scanned the horizon.

"Dead ahead, sir; a mountain top about as big as my thumb is visible above the horizon, sir," answered the sailor, who had come down from his lofty perch.

"It must be Suomla," said Captain Gilson.

"Then we shall be at home by to-morrow night;" said Mr. Gray, cheerily.

"If all goes well, we shall come to anchor by sunset," answered the captain.

"Home again!" The words rang through and through Margaret's mind that night, and wrapping her long cloak about her she stole quietly on deck, and sat down by the rail, watching the sea and the starlit sky.

There was no moon, but the stars were very bright, making little paths of light on the water,

while half way up on the southern sky was flung out in living flame the banner of the cross.

Is it any wonder the girl could not sleep? Margaret Graham was but an ordinary young woman, with a well-stored mind, a sound body, and all a girl's enthusiasm to

> —— do noble things,
> Not dream them, all day long.

She had grown up with the thought brought continually before her by a wise and careful mother, that a woman should make a good use of her life; should live for others, work for others. And now that her opportunity was before her, she never felt her own weakness and unworthiness so much in her life as to-night, on the threshold of a new life.

"Fear thou not; for I am with thee; be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

The words flashed through her mind with a vividness that startled her; she looked up hastily, almost thinking some one had uttered them, but she was alone—alone with the sea and sky and the silence which is the voice of God. Had he spoken to her?

It was the verse she had taken just as she was leaving home; she looked out over the quiet waters and was comforted.

CHAPTER VII

THE ISLAND HOME

Where the tossing waves of the South Sea roar,
And dash their foam on the coral shore—

SOON after midnight the order was given to get up steam—which the missionary ship used only as an auxiliary to her sails—and long before daybreak the pulsations of the engine were heard and felt. When the day dawned they were steaming by mountains and hills of living green, fair and lovely in the fresh morning sunlight. Soon they were able to distinguish trees from the general greenness; then palms waving their tufted feathery wings in the breeze, which wafted to them the "soft stillness of the land sounds." Then they saw a white line of breakers surrounding the island apparently about a half mile from the shore. Evidently this was the edge of the reef where the surf spent its force, for beyond the water was comparatively smooth, broken only by the ripples caused by the breeze blowing from this "fair morning land."

Nearer and nearer they drew to the island, and entered a narrow passage where the water was

comparatively quiet, though it was dashing and tumbling over the reef on either side, sending volumes of spray high into the air—magnificent pyrotechnics as the rays of the sun were caught by the sparkling drops, changing into endless combinations of prismatic beauty.

Now they were in smooth water, and swinging round, the little vessel was at rest under the shadow of the hills. The long voyage of six weeks was over, and they were at home!

Green hills, mountains, tropical vegetation in lavish profusion, but no sign of life anywhere. Where were the people? Where was the Mission Station?

"The people will be here from the Mission before long," said Mr. Gray. "They must have seen us standing in toward land, and they always know the White Wings, for no other sailing vessel having auxiliary steam comes to these regions."

"How soon can they get here?" asked Margaret.

"Not for a good half hour yet."

She drew a long breath, and went to where Dorothy was leaning over the side of the ship, enjoying the marvelous beauty of the coral reef.

"Dorothy, dear, let us go down and pray together—I feel so helpless to-day! I want to get away from myself before anybody comes."

They had been below some fifteen minutes when Mr. Gray called to them;

"If you girls want to see some live heathen, come on deck!"

They ran quickly up the companionway, to find the deck swarming with natives, and more were clambering over the sides of the ship, while the water was dotted with canoes coming from the shore.

Margaret gave one look, and involuntarily turned to flee to the refuge of her stateroom; but in an instant she had control of herself, or had "gotten away from herself," as she had quaintly phrased it a few moments before.

"Can I ever love such creatures?" she thought in dismay; but the verse she had loved to repeat, when thinking of this moment during the long journey flashed through her mind.

> And other sheep have I, where fronded palms
> Wave over islands in a sunny sea;
> I am their Shepherd too; these outstretched arms
> Bid them a loving welcome unto me.
> Tell them my name of love: and call them home
> From sin's dark distance where they blindly roam.

She thought of the pathetic story Mr. Gray had told them on the voyage down, of a high chief from one of these islands who had found his way to the missionaries, and said to them: "The people at my island have heard of some ship people who come from the far-off land of the white folk, with a Spirit food. The people at some of the other

islands have eaten of that Spirit food, and are satisfied. Can you tell me anything about it?"

The poor old heathen chief listened breathlessly as he was told of Him who is the Bread of Life, and who has said: "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out," and "he that cometh unto me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on me shall never thirst."

Tears were streaming from eyes unused to weeping as the missionary ceased to speak, and the old man stretched out his hands and said, "That is just what my people want! Now come and tell them all about it!"

With a heavy heart the missionary told him that was impossible. But the chief still pleaded. "They are starving, I tell you!" he said, starting up, looking almost majestic in his savage despair. "You tell me you love my people; you tell me the people in the good lands across the sea love us; you tell me your God loves us; you tell me you came to bring us the Spirit food; and then when I tell you my people are starving, you say they cannot have it! What are you here for, then?"

Suddenly he broke down, and repeated again in a despairing tone, "My people are starving, starving!" and beseechingly stretching out his hands, he pleaded in a voice choked with sobs, for the "Spirit food."

And this man was pleading for the people be-

fore her! Margaret forgot her fears, forgot herself in the rush of pitying love that filled her heart; and she responded willingly to their overtures of welcome, and bore with outward composure, at least, their curious examination of her clothing.

It was no wonder that she shrank back at first. These were the heathen people, many of them utterly heathen, tattooed from head to foot, their bodies glistening with cocoanut oil. They were not black, but rather of a warm, brown color, their only clothing a short fringe of grass or pandanus leaf around the loins. Their straight, black hair was carried to the top of the head, and, in some mysterious way, made to stand upright in a long coil, some inches in length. Many of them wore necklaces of sharks' teeth or flowers. None were clean;—only there were degrees in the filthiness and the odors.

"Here are the people from the station!" exclaimed Mr. Gray. And soon two large canoes shot alongside the ship, and the newcomers were on board. A short, squarely built man came first, whose sunburned face showed energy and decision.

"Well, Mr. Gray, welcome home again! We have missed you sorely. Mrs. Gray, it does my heart good to see you again! Mrs. Newton will be delighted that you have returned to us."

"Mr. Newton, I have a pleasure for you," said

Mr. Gray; and taking him by the shoulders he wheeled him round facing the young ladies, who had been standing a little apart, watching him.

"Brother Gray, I want to sing the long meter doxology!" exclaimed Mr. Newton; and his welcome to our heroine and her companion proved his thankfulness that they had come to the assistance of overtasked workers.

Then the natives who had come with him in the canoes were introduced. Some of them knew a little English, and said: "We too glad see you!" while their shining faces spoke eloquently of their joy.

"Well, young ladies, have you had enough ship life so that you are ready to go ashore?" asked Mr. Newton. The girls would not own to being tired of the ship, but signified their readiness to go ashore.

"Do you prefer to wait for the ship's boat, or will you go with me in the canoe?"

"Oh, the canoe, of course, if we may!" cried Dorothy.

"And you?" turning to Margaret.

"Yes," she said; "I think I would like that."

"Come then;" and he led the way to the steps. They followed him, but glanced at each other in involuntary dismay as they saw the canoe, with its crew of swarthy natives. It was very narrow, and the waves seemed about to engulf it as it lay alongside the ship.

Mr. Gray saw the look, and answered it. "Do n't be afraid; the canoe is perfectly safe. It cannot tip over, the outrigger steadies it."

"Is that long thing the outrigger?" asked Dorothy, pointing to a pole resting on the water parallel to the canoe, and fastened to it by cross poles some six feet in length, at each end.

"Yes," answered Mr. Gray; "and it is almost an impossibility to upset one of these canoes."

"Come on, Margaret," said Dorothy; "it will never do to own we are scared by a canoe the very first thing!" and she walked quietly down the steps, where Mr. Newton was waiting to hand them into the canoe. But she afterward admitted to Margaret that she felt as if she were stepping off into space.

Mr. and Mrs. Gray and Margaret followed, and soon they were gliding smoothly along under the shadow of the trees, at times so near them that they could pluck off the leaves. The girls were delighted with the canoe ride, and after the first few moments they entirely lost their fear, and thoroughly enjoyed the beauty of the shore. It was a panorama of trees, green and fresh, or old and moss-covered, overgrown with ferns—tall feathery masses, or long drooping spikes.

"Meg," said Dorothy, suddenly, "I feel defrauded; positively defrauded!"

"How?" asked Margaret, in surprise.

"Because my education has been so limited.

When I was at home I was not allowed to use slang, and now I have no vocabulary with which to express all my pent-up feelings!"

They all laughed, and Mr. Newton asked, "Are slang phrases of the present day so very helpful in expressing one's feelings, Miss Ellis?"

"Certainly they are!" she replied, with spirit. "Our language is deficient without them!"

"I suppose you would like to say this scene is 'out of sight,' or something of the sort," said Mr. Gray.

"Ha, ha!" cried Mr. Newton; "so it's you who have been improving your education!"

Amid the laugh that followed, the canoe swept around a point, and the vigorous strokes of the boys brought it up along side a little pier built out into the water, beyond which was a beautiful sandy beach, backed by magnificent cocoanut trees.

"Here we are!" said Mr. Newton, cheerily.

"It is good to be home again," said Mrs. Gray, her eyes resting first on the island before her and then on the girls. "I hope it will be a happy home for you both," she added, smiling at them.

Margaret gave her hand a loving pressure, but did not speak.

"Ah, welcome home, you are just in time for breakfast!" said a pleasant voice, and the girls looked up to see a picture they never forgot; an erect, dignified woman was standing on the little

pier, with two children peeping out shyly from behind her skirts. She was dressed in white, and had a great cluster of glowing roses in her hand, and one or two tucked in her belt. They noticed this, but it was the voice, and the strong, cheery face that attracted them—the face of one to whom you would turn in joy or sorrow, and find sympathy and comfort.

"And we are ready for it," said Mr. Gray, as he stepped from the canoe and took Mrs. Newton by both hands. "It 's a sight for sore eyes to see your bonny face again!"

"One might know you had been to America by that speech!" she retorted, as she turned to welcome Mrs. Gray and the girls.

"My dear," she said, placing both hands on Margaret's shoulders, and looking with penetrating eyes into her face, "my dear, you are very welcome to Suomla!" and, leaning forward, she kissed her lightly on the forehead.

Mr. Newton gave a few directions to the natives in the canoe, speaking in that strange tongue to which Margaret listened eagerly. Would she ever be able to talk like that? Then they left the beach, and followed a winding path up the hill, so steep that rude stone steps had been made here and there. As they mounted the top step, they saw before them the Mission Station, quaint and foreign-looking to the girls.

Mr. Gray's house, and their future home, was

before them; a story-and-a-half building, having wide verandas on two sides, and another building in the rear, which was the kitchen, connected with the house by a covered passage. The verandas were covered with vines, and a hammock swung invitingly to and fro, though it looked as if it were not much used. Beyond were the houses of the natives who attended the school, made with thatched roofs and reed sides, and looking very picturesque, nestled as they were beneath the breadfruit trees. Here there were banana trees, each with its bunch of yellow fruit—"the tree of one idea," as Mr. Newton laughingly told the girls, since a single tree bears but one bunch of fruit. The stalk is then cut down, and several trees spring from the roots.

A tiny babbling brook ran through the center of the plateau which formed the mission compound, on the other side of which were more native houses, and a large building facing this hollow square, open to the sea. This was the church, which was also used as a schoolhouse.

The girls had only time for a hasty glance at the settlement, as they stood for a moment on the veranda before entering the house.

The doors and windows were all thrown open to the fresh morning breeze. The girls entered a large room, containing an organ, so cased as to be tightly closed from insects and dampness, which stood near an open window. Opposite it were

shelves covered with medicines. Two or three chairs stood near; and on one wall was a blackboard, on which one of the boys had written in large letters, "WELCOME." The floor was covered with a coarse matting, evidently of native manufacture.

"This is the native sitting-room," explained Mrs. Gray. "We have prayers here every evening with the natives."

"But where do they sit?" asked Dorothy. The room seemed very bare to both girls.

Mrs. Newton looked amused. "On the floor, my dear! It is a punishment to most of our natives to make them sit in chairs. And this is our private sitting-room," she added, "though we call it the library to distinguish it from the native room."

So saying, she led them into a delightfully homelike room, where there was more of the strange matting on the floor, though rather finer than that in the other room, and the sofa and the bookcases were evidently home-made. The table in the center of the room had a pretty cover, and was loaded with books and papers, though in the center there was a bowl of beautiful ferns and roses. The boards that formed the walls were neatly painted, and hung with a few good pictures. Vines and ferns were everywhere—behind the pictures, massed in the corners and over the windows.

"How lovely!" broke from Margaret's lips.

"Yes," said Mrs. Newton, "this is your welcome from the native boys. They begged permission 'to make things beautiful' so you would be glad you came!"

CHAPTER VIII

UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS

Where every prospect pleases
And only man is vile.

MY DEAR HOME FRIENDS:

The ship sails in a very few days, my journal is closed, the letters and orders are all finished, and now nothing remains to be written but this last letter, in which I am to tell you "all about everything belonging to the animal, vegetable or mineral kingdom, be it animate or inanimate." I am afraid I have undertaken a task which will prove beyond my powers, but I will do my best, and if the result be a little of everything, and that diluted, do not blame me—it will be due to my environment, and the difficulty of expressing inexpressible things in words.

But I do want you to know how we are situated, and something of the people. I am already much interested in them, and have been digging away at the language, which is mostly roots, with innumerable prefixes and suffixes, branching off into a labyrinth of nice distinctions which are puzzling to the last degree. There is no gram-

mar, and there seems to be no grammatical construction. It is a language which you have to get by absorption. I learn a new sentence, then sally forth and try it on a native. I know I make ridiculous mistakes sometimes, but there is one comfort—the natives never laugh at you. They are very courteous—too courteous by far; for they do not scruple to lie in order to say what they think will please you!

I am already attached to the natives in our immediate vicinity, most of whom are Christians—I mean *bona fide* Christians. The nominal article is conspicuous by its absence. "Society" is made up of two classes—Christian and heathen. The former are very gentle and teachable. They seem to have an insatiable thirst for learning, so it is a pleasure to teach them, though it is much like teaching children—their forgettery is bigger than their memory!

As for the other class, the heathen—well, I have sung a thousand times, more or less

> Where every prospect pleases
> And only man is vile—

and now I am where it is literally true. But I never imagined how vile a human being can become, and yet be called a man or woman! If I didn't believe in God and the Bible, I should be inclined to become an evolutionist of the most pronounced type, for these people don't seem to

be half out of the monkey period of existence; only they can talk, and possibly monkeys can if we were educated up—or down—to their language! When I remember that man is made in the image of God, and look at these people, I long to have more of the language —

Oh, for a thousand tongues,

and all adepts in the language of Suomla! that I might help clear away the rubbish and squalor and sinfulness and misery, the result of centuries of shut-out-ness—shut out in the dark, from the Light of the world, the accumulations of years of the apathy and indifference of helpless ignorance on their part, and the apathy and indifference of wilful ignorance on the part of those of us who bear the name of Christ. I keep thinking, over and over again, of Christ's words: "Other sheep I have, . . . them also I must bring"—"If you love me, feed my sheep!"

Forgive me, I did not mean to "preach," but, as Eleanor used to say in excuse, "it just said itself!"

This island is beautiful—so beautiful that I cannot find words to describe it. I only wish you could all come and see! It is all mountains, chains and peaks rising rather precipitously from the ocean, but with little plateaus or spurs jutting out here and there, and broken by deep valleys, through which run tiny, fresh-water rivers,

some of them falling over rocks and stones from a height of from ten to a hundred feet. Everything is green and fresh; the mountains and valleys are covered with a dense tropical growth, all sorts of strange trees, the strangest of which is the breadfruit. I rather think my idea of the breadfruit tree must have been influenced by Holmes' description. I think it is in the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," but as I am at least three thousand miles from the book I can't verify my impression. But it is Holmes who says that the fruit is like a freshly baked roll, and a sap exudes from the branches which is like fresh butter; the big branches are macaroni, and the little twigs vermicelli. I do not remember all he says, but do get the book and read it for yourselves. Of course it is extravagant, but it is amusing, especially after you have seen the tree. I did think, though, that the fruit would be more like bread; especially as the encyclopedists say it is like a "freshly baked loaf." The people who wrote it up must be accustomed to saleratus bread, with a liberal allowance of saleratus, for breadfruit is yellow—inside, I mean; outside it looks like a small green melon, with a tough rind something like that of the orange, only very much coarser. It tastes more like the sweet potato than anything else to which I can liken it, only it is not at all like that either!

"What other fruit have we?" Well, first, of

FALLS OF KUSAIE.

those which are familiar to you, oranges, lemons, limes, cocoanuts, pineapples and bananas; of others, mangoes, guavas, soursop, papaia, pandanus, alligator pears, and a few which have only the native names. We have over a dozen varieties of bananas. Then we have taro and yams and sweet potatoes, all fibrous roots—very good and nutritious. The ocean swarms with fish, crabs, turtles and a coarse variety of clam. So you see we have many luxuries added to our canned foods.

This island of Suomla, and one or two more, are of volcanic origin. All the others—and we have twenty or more in our "parish"—are of coral formation, and have very scanty vegetation. Only pandanus and cocoanuts and breadfruit grow on them—the breadfruit in two crops, one lasting about seven or eight months, the other four months. The people have to live on cocoanuts and pandanus. The latter they chew, much as children—and some older people—chew gum, though there is rather more nutriment in it. You might try a diet of cocoanut and gum for a few days, and you will be able to sympathize with this people in a new way. Mr. Gray said, the other day, that he thought this "would be a good region for vegetarians. If they survived the experiment, their testimony would be interesting, though possibly a little thin!"

All of these islands are surrounded by coral reefs, over the edges of which, at a greater or less

distance, the waves break, and then come rolling gently in to the shore.

As I sit here writing, they are throwing great clouds of spray into the air, breaking on the reef with such force that it sounds like distant thunder. The white line of surf outlining this reef sweeps around the island. If it were not for this natural breakwater, the resistless force of the ocean would work untold havoc, especially among the coral islands, they are so very narrow.

As you know, we are in the tropics; Suomla is about six degrees north of the equator, so the days and nights are of equal length. The variation of the sun's setting is but twenty minutes the year round. One can see to read and work at fifteen minutes before six, but at fifteen minutes after it is total darkness. But oh, the evenings and nights! You don't know anything about moonlight in America. Here are such floods of white silvery light that one can easily see to read. The moon and the stars make little paths of light over the ocean. The big birds flit about among the trees or over the sea. There are more birds astir at night than during the daytime, it seems to me. Most of the stars belong to the southern hemisphere, the Southern Cross being the crowning glory of all. We still have the Dipper and the Pleiades, and, if up very early in the morning, one can have a glimpse of the Polar Star, lying

just on the edge of the sea; that is, if it be not cloudy, as it usually is.

Suomla is in the rain belt, as you already know. This is a disadvantage to lazy mortals, foreigners—for we cannot go out without overshoes and umbrellas. The Christian natives use banana leaves to protect them from the rain. The heathen element are such people of one idea, as to costume, that a flower behind the ear, or a necklace of sharks' teeth in addition to the fringe or mat, satisfies them. A thorough ducking does not injure them, but on the country is something of an improvement, though as a rule they are so saturated with cocoanut oil as to be impervious to water.

This excessive rainfall—Mr. Newton says last year it amounted to twenty-four feet—is really a great blessing, as it washes away the decaying vegetation. It is a sewerage system devised by nature, and therefore perfect in its workings. The trees and shrubs are always fresh and beautiful. There are no unsightly limbs. The fallen tree or the decaying branch is speedily clothed in beautiful mosses, from which spring ferns in great variety, as well as orchids and trailing vines.

And now for more personal matters. You want to know of my everyday life, and of my first experiences here, so I will try to tell you something of it in closing, for this is a long drawn-out epistle, without the "linked sweetness" to make it palatable! We had such a queer time of

it, those first few days—Dorothy and I. We could not talk to the people, and few of them could talk to us, so our interviews consisted mainly in staring at each other and smiling—Dorothy says "idiotically." I don't know how I looked, though I do know how I felt!

The king, or Torgusa, and the queen, called on us one morning. Mr. Gray was putting down my matting, and I was enveloped in a big kitchen apron, and dusty and disheveled withal, when Mrs. Gray came up and said the royal pair wished to see me. I went down, and after shaking hands the usual inspection occurred. They know a little English, and at last the king said, with a sympathetic smile: "So young!" Then, "Some father and mother?"

I shook my head in reply, whereupon they talked together a little, then he turned again to me, and said, with a sympathetic groan: "We too much sorry! we be father and mother to you!" And forthwith he began to be "fatherly" by asking me to give him the wrapper I was wearing.

He is a perfectly hideous old fellow, but is friendly to the missionaries for what he can get out of them. He wears clothes when he comes to see us. The rest of the time his costume consists of tattoo and cocoanut oil. He asked Mrs. Gray the other day: "Do the people in America wear clothes all the time?" and when she told him they did, he said, pityingly, "Poor things!"

But this is not telling you what you want to know. I am afraid it would be difficult to give you a fair idea of my life, there are so many things entering in from day to day. Life here is much like life in America, in its general aspects, only here our life is made up more of little things. Interruptions are the order of our days—and nights, I might almost add. The people right around us belong, in a sense, to the Mission, and are nearly all Christians. Mr. Gray has gathered them here as a center, and works out to other parts of this and the other islands.

We have schools here, where the principal work is training the young men and women to carry the gospel to their own people. When we know the language better, this is to be Dorothy's and my especial work. Mr. Gray will have the Biblical department, but all the other teaching will rest with us. We have school in terms of six weeks, and then two weeks vacation, the year round. "'Cause why?" Mr. Gray says: "Because if we have school longer than six weeks, the scholars get so stupid they cannot learn anything; and if we have a vacation longer than two weeks, they forget all they have learned." This must be what one would call a "happy medium!"

Out of school hours we spend the hot part of the day in studying the language, then until dusk we visit the people in their houses. One cannot dignify these huts by calling them "homes." They

do not have the word in their language, and no wonder. They have no conception as to the meaning of the word. Then in the evening we have prayers with the natives, after which we talk to them for an hour or so.

I wonder if I have succeeded in giving you the vaguest idea of my life? I hope so, for I am very happy in it. Dorothy says, and I second her, that she feels as if she were "being lifted to heaven on the p'int of a privilege!"

There are very few of us—less than a dozen, children and all; but we are very happy in each other and in our work. It is a comfort to know "for sure" that you have found your niche in this hurrying, bustling, nineteenth century, and that you are really needed.

In America one has the feeling—and the certainty back of it—that if she dropped out, there would be a dozen or a hundred to fill her place. Here there is plenty of room, and no jostling! And with it all, the pleasure of knowing you are making other lives brighter and happier just for your living!

I would not exchange places with any of you; and I only wish I could give some of the girls I know a little taste of my happiness. I think you would want to come, too. It is n't a humdrum life by any means. Dorothy said the other day that she used to think missionaries were "goody goody," but she did n't feel so a bit. And certainly none

of the others act so! Mrs. Gray laughed at her and told her she was away back in medieval times.

Did I tell you that Mrs. Gray is a graduate of Vassar? And Mrs. Newton was her classmate there. When Mrs. Newton was a girl, she was one of New York's fashionable "four hundred." She is by no means old now, and Mrs. Gray tells me she was very much of a belle when she left it all to come here. I heard her remark one day that she "never knew what real pleasure was till she became a missionary."

And then, somehow, heaven, and mother, and Christ, seem so much nearer here than they did in America. I think one takes Christ more into the everyday life than at home. There we have so many props—churches and society and friends: and here we are shut out from these things, and we cannot add our personal needs to the heavily laden workers about us, so we go straight to Christ. I feel as if I were in school myself, these days; while I am teaching others, Christ is teaching me.

But I must close. Be sure I shall write every opportunity we have, and Mr. Newton says there have been other chances of late than by our own missionary ship.

Please ask questions when you write, if I have not told you what you want to know.

With love to you all,

Most sincerely yours,

MARGARET GRAHAM.

CHAPTER IX

SHADOWS AND SUNSHINE

> So, whether on the hilltops high and fair
> I dwell, or in the sunless valleys, where
> The shadows lie, what matter?—
> Christ is there!

"WHAT do you suppose those people want?" said Dorothy. "I do wish they would go away, or say something. It makes me uneasy to have them stalking around so silently."

"I don't know where the silence comes in," said Mrs. Gray. "It seems to me the hideous noises they make are more to be dreaded."

"I mean, they won't talk," answered Dorothy. "Day after day they come stalking into school, and will sit there stolidly, listening, I suppose; but they won't study or take any part."

"They are not used to these things," said Margaret. "They are very curious. Several times lately they have appeared in my room, so now I keep my door locked. I wish we might help them, they are so wretched and so dreadfully heathenish!"

"Perhaps we can help them by and by, if we are patient with them," said Mrs. Gray.

Some two or three weeks previous, a company of heathen people had come from an adjacent island and settled themselves in temporary huts in front of Mr. Gray's house, without so much as saying "By your leave." Why they had come was a mystery. They were utterly heathen, and seemed to care nothing for the teachings, though the missionaries were evidently objects of interest to them; for, as Margaret said, they were very curious, and the silent hours of the night were the only times when some of them were not watching. They filed into the dining-room at meal times; they watched the kitchen work; were present at prayer, and attended school; but all this in utter silence. If Margaret or Dorothy questioned them, they would maintain a contemptuous silence; if Mr. Gray, they would rise abruptly and walk away. At length the missionaries came to the conclusion that it was not right to subject the Christian natives, some of whom were weak and ignorant, to the adverse influences of this heathen colony in their midst, and decided they must find some reason for sending them away, when an event occurred which settled the question for them.

A crowd of natives gathered at the mission station. All day long the canoes kept coming, receiving a boisterous welcome from the people already there. They gathered in the square in front of the mission-house, then the high chief

Kanuli announced that they were to have a dance in honor of two chiefs who were ill, with the hope of restoring them to health.

They paid no attention to the protests of either Mr. Newton or Mr. Gray, but went on with their preparations. A band of thirty women, sitting in a row, commenced by a fierce rubadubdub, on rude drums, shaped like an hour-glass, and headed with shark-skin. Soon Kanuli darted from among the crowd of natives into the open space before the drummers. He wore the usual fringe, extending from the waist to the knees, and made to bulge out all round, by winding yards and yards of cocoanut cord around his waist. The immense holes in his ears were filled with flowers. These people pierce their ears very much as some women do in America, only they go further than their civilized sisters, and increase this aperture till, in some instances, it is so large that a man can thrust his hand and forearm through. It serves the purpose of shawl-strap, always at hand, and when not in use, is hung up over the top of the ear! It is a convenient receptacle for a pipe, or the small amount of calico needed for a costume.

Kanuli threw himself into various positions each worse than the last, at the same time rolling his eyes in the direction of the veranda, where the missionaries were gathered, heart-sick at the exhibition of heathenism before them.

He screamed and shouted, and at last hissed his words in such a way that the missionaries were unable to grasp their meaning—and perhaps it was well they could not understand! He leaped and danced, most horribly contorting his face; suddenly he gave a wild yell, and leaping from the circle, he grasped one of the drummers by the arm, dragging her to the center, to dance with him. Every muscle of his body quivered first with forced, then with natural, excitement, and soon the woman was dancing as wildly as he. The crowd of natives was wild with delight, following every motion, and thrilling under the bedlam of the principal actors and the clamor of the drummers.

In a very short time Kanuli fell to the ground exhausted, and another and yet another followed him, each taking a partner from the women-drummers. At last no more came forward, and after a little all the performers came together, and formed in a solid phalanx, Kanuli at its head. Slowly they advanced to the center, with wild singing; then they formed in line, and surpassed themselves in all the horrors of simultaneous screaming, gesticulating and leaping.

The ladies had long since left the veranda and taken refuge as far as possible from the scene of action; but Mr. Gray and Mr. Newton remained, though their heads ached and their nerves were

tremulous under the aggravating discord of human voices and the noise of the drummers.

But they had reached the end of their drama. One by one they staggered from the line, till Kanuli alone remained standing. He turned suddenly to the two missionaries, and asked, in his own language:

"Is it good?" Our language fails to express the look upon his face, as he asked the question.

To this Mr. Gray replied, "No, Kanuli; it is not good, and you know it. We are here to tell you of better things."

But Kanuli had walked off, following the crowd of natives who were rushing down the hill, making the air ring with their hideous noises.

"I wonder what they are up to now?" said Mr. Newton. "Let us follow them."

So they went down to the beach, where the crowd had hold of long ropes, attached to a huge canoe, which they were about to launch from the sandy beach. Many applied their backs directly to the canoe on either side, and a score or more of naked boys were at the outrigger. Kanuli commenced another wild song, and a fantastic dance. He acted like a madman, frightened at the monster before him. While he howled and hissed, making horrible faces, rolling his eyes till they were all but inside out, and throwing his fringe wildly above his head, the excited company uttered rythmic groans, and slowly raised the

canoe and moved down the slope. When Kanuli could howl no longer, another took his place, and yet another, till at last the chief's niece, Yamair, took it up. If possible, she outdid the rest, ending in slapping a handful of sand into her own streaming face and eyes, then capering about worse then ever. The canoe was fairly launched, and the heart-sick missionaries returned to the house, more deeply impressed than ever with the depth of the degradation and horror of darkness with which they had to contend, and the terrible and nameless customs of these heathen men and women.[1] Yet were they "made in the image of God"—these "other sheep," whom Jesus died to save!

The following morning the girls were awakened by a deafening cry of "Sail-ho!" and hurriedly dressing, they ran down-stairs, asking eagerly:

"Where is the 'sail-ho'?"

"A man-of-war has just come round the point, and is heading for Lee Harbor," replied Mrs. Gray. "Mr. Gray has taken some of the boys and gone out."

"A man-of-war!" said Dorothy. "Did you see the flag? Do you know where it comes from?"

"It flies the stars and stripes," said Mrs. Gray, "so we are likely to have some visitors; Mr. Gray thinks it may be the Monitor, which was lying in Honolulu when we came down. You remember, perhaps, that Dr. Everett said they might be sent to the South Pacific, and if so might give us a call.

[1] From Lecture by L. H. Guleck, M. D.

Margaret will remember him, I am sure," she added, glancing at her.

A hot flush mounted to Margaret's forehead, but she composedly answered, "Yes, I remember him; he went to the Pali with us."

A few hours later Mr. Gray appeared, followed by a fine-looking man of perhaps thirty years, wearing the uniform of a surgeon in the United States navy. He was pleasantly welcomed by Mrs. Gray and Dorothy, but it was to Margaret he turned last. None but a close observer could have detected if his hand held hers a trifle longer than the others. He gave her a quick, keen glance, which again brought that hot flush to her forehead, as he turned to Mr. Gray and at once plunged into the latest news in the home land, from which they had not heard for many a day.

"And what is the good word with you?" he inquired at length.

"It is good, on the whole," replied Mr. Gray. "We are all well, and our work here at the central station is all that heart could wish. I must have you meet my Christian people, Dr. Everett," he said; "and perhaps you will have a word to say to them."

"Indeed I will," heartily responded Dr. Everett. "I am always glad of an opportunity to touch such a work as yours; it makes a better man of me."

"You ought to be one of us," put in Mrs. Gray.

He shook his head. "I am afraid my work is cut out for me. I seem to be a fixture in the navy."

"I am glad you are to be with us over the Sabbath," said Mr. Gray, "for you will have an opportunity to see the people together. And if you want to come in contact with the raw material, you must get the girls to take you to the Sunday-school they have started at Sielat."

"I would like that," he replied. "Will you be so kind, Miss Margaret?"

"Yes," she replied, "if you care to come."

"Only you must promise to be good," said Dorothy.

"Why?" he asked, turning to her with an amused smile.

"Because we have a new rule going into effect. We are trying to make the people discard the native costume of fringes and mats, and we told all who could not get clothing in any other way to come to the mission station and we would supply them. I do n't believe more than half of them have come, and the costumes of the other half will be something startling, I fancy!"

"I shall go, by all means; and I will try to 'be good,' Miss Ellis," said Dr. Everett.

The next afternoon, after the service at the mission station, they started on their long walk to Sielat. In some way, probably understood by Dr. Everett, Margaret found herself walking with

him, while the others were far behind. He did not give her an opportunity to notice this, however, but talked as few men can talk, till they reached the native house where the Sunday-school was to be held. He had been telling her what he had been trying to do for the men on the Monitor.

"I think you have been doing missionary work, too," she said, when he ceased speaking.

"I believe every man is a missionary," he replied, "a missionary for good or for evil, wherever he is. No man or woman can live who does not have an influence on those about them. Miss Margaret," he said, abruptly, "I could envy you your work. I love the Lord Jesus Christ. He is the Master whom we are both serving, but while you are feeding people from the whole loaf, I am but scattering the crumbs!"

"You must not say that," she replied, gently; "if your work be what Christ gives you to do, if you are sure of that"—

"But I am not; I have been until recently, but now"—he paused, and glanced at her a little uncertainly. Something in the quiet face seemed to decide him to go on. "Miss Margaret, there is something I want very much, but I want God's will first. I do not know that I could have my desire, but if I could, there would either be a wider field of usefulness connected with it for me, or a lessening of another's opportunities. What ought I to do?"

Margaret's face became as white as the snowy dress she wore. For a moment she did not answer; then she turned bravely and looked him full in the face.

"I do not know," she said; "but you want what Christ wants you to have. He has promised wisdom. He will be your Guide; I cannot answer you."

"You have answered me!" he said, gravely and solemnly.

They had no time for further conversation. The others came up, and they entered the house, where a crowd of heathen and semi-heathen awaited them.

"Do look at Komwoj!" said Dorothy, stifling a laugh.

Margaret looked, and saw a boy of ten years coming in, having what seemed to be a long strip of cloth about his neck. She called him to her, and said: "Komwoj, didn't I give you some clothes?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Then where are they?"

"This is part!" he said, touching the cloth about his neck.

"But what have you done with the rest?" she asked.

"Jeva wanted to come to school, and he cried because he didn't have anything to wear," answered the little fellow. "And he was afraid to

ask you for anything, so I gave him half of mine. I didn't need two parts!" he added, anxiously, afraid he had done wrong.

"That is all right," she said, hastily. "You were very generous, but another time you come to me first!"

She had given him a pair of trousers, and not seeing the use of "two parts," he had cut them in two, giving one leg to his little friend, and keeping the other!

"That is what I call a true missionary spirit," said Dr. Everett, for whom Mr. Gray had interpreted the conversation. "That boy gave away half of all he possessed in order that the other little chap might come to school, too!"

Margaret was glad, for the first time since her arrival at Suomla, when the work of the afternoon was over and they returned home. She escaped to her own room, and did not again appear till the evening service.

As they were returning to the house, Dr. Everett turned to her. "We sail in the morning, Miss Margaret; will you not show me the Southern Cross from the cliff of which you spoke?"

She hesitated, and Mrs. Gray said, "It has not rained since morning; you won't take cold; run along!"

"Not if she prefers not to go," said Dr. Everett.

"Certainly I will go," said Margaret, hastily, a

little ashamed of her hesitation; and passed with him out into the moonlight.

"You need not be afraid to trust yourself with me," he said, looking down at her, and smiling slightly into the grave eyes that in spite of herself were lifted to his face. "I do want to say something to you, but I will not trouble you. Will you trust me, Miss Margaret?" They had reached the cliff, and stood still in the moonlight. "Do you trust me?" he repeated.

"Yes," she replied, "I do trust you!"

"And I may say what I have asked you to come out to hear?"

"Yes," she said; but almost involuntarily leaned against the rocks for support.

"Do not be afraid. I will not say anything you would not want me to say; only I cannot go away in the dark. I want to know one thing surely before I go, and it is this: If you had not given yourself to this work, do you think you could have given yourself to me? I will not take advantage of your answer. You commit yourself to nothing; remember, you promised to trust me. Will you tell me if you could have given yourself to me?"

"Yes," she almost whispered. His only answer was to possess himself of her hands, which trembled in his like imprisoned birds; but the firm, quiet clasp soothed her nerves.

He was silent for a little, then he went on.

"And now just one word more; if you did not have to leave your work, would you give yourself to me now?" Margaret felt as if she could not answer, but he waited patiently till again she whispered,

"Yes!"

"Thank you!" he said, simply; then they stood there in silence.

"Margaret!" he said, at length. She looked up at him in startled inquiry, but the tender, loving look in the eyes that met hers was almost too much for her, and she bowed her head in confusion. "We are in the Lord's hands," he said. "He will lead us both, and we can trust him, can we not, my Margaret?" And bending forward he kissed her reverently on the forehead; then they returned to the house.

CHAPTER X

AN ISLAND TOUR

All in a day's work-tired heart;
Lift the load bravely, and do thy part;
God will do His:
And be the day weary, or be the day long,
At length it ringeth to even-song.

"Do you suppose we can do it?" said Dorothy, dubiously.

"Yes, I think we can," answered Margaret. "You can take the school work, and I will look after the natives in general and do the visiting. We can help each other, and Mr. Newton is ready to help and advise us. He approves of it."

"Well, I am willing to undertake the school. I am sure I can do that, but I am afraid I shall not be good for much else. Will Mr. Gray agree to this plan?"

"I do not know. I am afraid he will think it too hard for us," said Margaret; "but perhaps Mr. Newton can persuade him. And really I can see nothing else to be done."

"Neither can I," said Dorothy, dolefully; "but then, he cannot get away till the White Wings returns, and that won't be for three or four months

yet. He may get better and not have to go at all."

"He will have opportunity to tell us all about the work," said Margaret; "but I do not think he can get better here."

Three years had passed since the visit of the Monitor to Suomla, years of varied experiences to our young missionaries. Dorothy was still the bright, vivacious woman, eager and interested in her work, carrying sunshine and joy into the native houses and among the people. Heathen as well as Christian, they were all glad to welcome her.

But it was to Margaret they turned for help and counsel, for comfort in sorrow. If she was a little quieter and graver than of old, it was laid to her absorption in her work. She had been growing rapidly, and had developed a quiet strength of character and a sweet, gentle dignity which was very winning to those about her. She had heard from Dr. Everett but once during these three years; he had written to Mr. Gray, and had enclosed a slip of paper for her, on which was written:

MY DEAR MARGARET:

Who are to me
More than myself. God be with you,
Keep you in strong obedience leal and true,
To Him whose noble service setteth free.
Give you all good we see or can foresee:

Make your joys many, and your sorrows few:
Bless you in what you bear and what you do,
Yea, perfect you as he would have you be!
So much for you; but what for me, dear friend?
To love you without stint and all I can
To-day, to-morrow, world without an end—
God be with you.

WILLARD EVERETT.

Since the day these words had reached her she had not heard directly, though he wrote occasionally to Mr. Gray. She knew he was still on the Monitor, and some day might come to them again —and he had hinted at a possible change for him, but nothing definite.

And now they had other things of which to think. A few weeks previous Mr. Gray had been injured by the beaching of a canoe. He had gone to another island with some of the natives, on a preaching tour, and as they were embarking on their return, a heavy sea struck the canoe, and threw it violently on the beach. Mr. Gray was thrown against a pile of coral rocks with considerable force. At the time they did not think of any more serious injury than a few bruises; but as days went by it became evident that his spine was injured. One by one his duties were laid down, and now he could only lie on the sofa, and direct the work with his advice and counsel.

It was drawing near the time for the annual visit of their little ship, and they had been considering what was to be done. Mr. Gray ought

to return to America for rest and treatment, but he was unwilling to leave his work. At this crisis the girls offered to fill the breach until he was able to return, or could send somebody from America to take his place. After Mr. Newton had broached the matter to Mr. Gray, and they had discussed it for some time, he came to the girls and told them he had at last consented, and wished to see them.

The tears came to his eyes as they entered the room and went to him, and he could only say brokenly, "God bless you!" After a little he added:

"I believe you can do it, with Mr. Newton to help and advise you, and you have taken a load from my heart!"

The next weeks were spent by Margaret in acquainting herself with all the details of the work, —and they were legion,—while Dorothy took the responsibility of the school work, with Margaret to help her. It was the hottest season of the year, and exertion was difficult the greater part of the day, but they patiently went about their duties, living but a day at a time.

There seemed no limit to the work to be done. From the mission station, a little center of light, the opportunities and the needs reached out in ever-widening circles, till lost in the islands lying in the shadows of darkest heathenism. They wished that they could multiply themselves, multiply their time, their talents, that they might

not have to turn away from the people who came to them, conscious of their own needs, and pleading for their friends who were in darkness, though they knew it not.

The girls visited a few of the out-stations with Mr. Newton as guardian, though all the work had to be done by them, as he did not know the language, his people speaking an entirely different dialect. He baptized and married several couples, however, the girls acting as interpreters, but to them fell the meetings and the general work.

A large number of the people had turned from their heathenism. Even Kanuli had accepted a Bible and was learning to read it, though he had not fully renounced his heathenism. He had been touched by the kindness and patience of the missionaries, and had induced his people to give up the worst of their heathen customs, and had asked for a teacher, who was gladly sent them by Mr. Gray. Here Mr. Newton and the girls were warmly welcomed. Margaret and Dorothy spent the night in Kanuli's house, which he and his several wives vacated for their use. They did not find sleeping on a mat, with a log for a pillow, the most comfortable bed in the world, to say nothing of ants and lizards, and possible centipedes and tarantulas as bedfellows, while cats, dogs and pigs were making night hideous outside the hut.

The next day they held a service with the people, and passed on to Pafinsak, a few miles dis-

tant. Here they had some difficulty in landing, as there was no boat-passage, and they were obliged to watch for an opportunity to go over the reef through the breakers. The surf was rolling in with tremendous force, and for a moment the canoe was lifted high on the crest of a wave, and then came down between two mountains of water which threatened to engulf them, but the sturdy strokes of the natives sent it flying safely from this danger, but only into another. They struck a rock on the edge of the reef, just where wave after wave broke over them. The natives jumped into the water, and quickly dragged the canoe beyond the reach of the breakers, into the still waters of the reef, and soon they were ashore, but wet through. All the extra clothing they had brought with them was in a like condition. They could not but laugh as they looked at each other.

"It is all in a day's work!" said Margaret, merrily, as she tried to wring the water from her dripping skirts.

This was a new station, or not exactly a station, either, but a village whose chief had asked for a teacher. He had seen their canoe, and gave them a hearty greeting as they stepped ashore:

"Long time you no come see me. You see plenty house here all ready. All men want to learn. What for no one come teach?"

An open door, a grand opportunity, but alas!

no one to enter. It sounded to Margaret like the appeal of old from Macedonia, "Come over and help us!"

A large crowd of men, women and children were gathered around them, filled with curiosity at the white people. Some of them were very much afraid at first, thinking they were the ghosts of their dead friends; but by and by they overcame their fear, and were made happy by the girls shaking hands with them.

The chief had prepared a feast for them, consisting of fruit, fish, pigs, turtle, and "fa-fa," served in rude baskets made of cocoanut leaves. They could not refuse to partake without giving offense, and they passed a trying half-hour, as the food was far from clean, and some of it was rank —especially the fish, which was nearly putrid. In this state it is considered a great delicacy by the natives.

"This is all in a day's work, too, Margaret," said Dorothy, mischievously, but with a grave face, for the people were watching them; "especially the water. I saw a woman put her baby in that pool from which it was taken."

"Yes, and I saw a dog and a pig wallowing in it," said Mr. Newton; "if we do not eat more than our allowance of dirt before we leave Suomla, I am very much mistaken!"

"I draw the line at that water," said Margaret,

emphatically; "my missionary zeal won't carry me through that."

The natives had watched them curiously as they bowed their heads while Mr. Newton asked God's blessing on the food and on the errand which had brought them there.

One of them asked Margaret, "Who is he talking to?"

She explained that before eating they always thanked the Great Spirit who gave them the food.

He interrupted her with, "No Great Spirit gave it to you; we gave it to you, we cook it for you; that is not true."

"But where did you get it?" she asked.

"From the sea, the trees, the ground," he answered.

"And who made the fish in the sea, and the trees and the animals? It was the Great Spirit, who loves you so much that he has given you all these things, and now he has sent us to tell you of him."

The man gave a grunt and walked off without replying.

The natives had recovered from their fear, and were now but too familiar. One of the men suddenly stooped and pulled Dorothy's slipper from her foot, trying to put it on his own. They felt of the girls' hair, examined their clothing, but when Margaret threw off a loose jacket that she wore, they fell back in terror, and eyed her

askance from a distance. The chief alone stood his ground, though evidently he was very much disturbed.

At last he asked a little uncertainly: "How many skins have you?"

"What?" asked Margaret, thinking she had not understood him.

"How many more skins have you?" he repeated. "Can the white people take themselves all to pieces?" he inquired, anxiously.

Whereupon they explained their clothing to the admiring and awestruck natives. After they had satisfied themselves about the girls, they turned to Mr. Newton.

"And how about this one? His legs are black, but the upper part of him is white; can he take himself to pieces, too?"

So Mr. Newton stood up while the girls explained his attire as well as they could for laughing at the absurdity of the thing. The natives were loud in their exclamations of wonder and admiration.

"A great people are these with the Great Spirit. They can take themselves to pieces and put themselves together again!"

By and by Margaret began to sing, and the people seated themselves quietly on the ground to listen. The missionaries sang hymn after hymn, until the natives were thoroughly attentive. Then Margaret began to talk to them. She told them

of the Great Spirit who had given her a message for them, and now she had come to bring it: That "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

The chief listened attentively as she explained the message to him; then he interrupted her with, "Say the good words again." She did so, and he repeated wonderingly, "'God so loved the world'—we are in the world, are we not?"

"Yes," she replied.

"*Then it means us!*" he said, or almost shouted.

"Yes," she said, "it does mean you, and all your people. God loves you so much that he wants you to love him and obey him."

But the chief was not listening; he still repeated, "The Great Spirit loves us—loves the poor islanders!"

The people crowded around her, begging her to tell them some more. Finally they could not restrain themselves, and began leaping and dancing for joy, saying over and over to themselves, "Somebody loves us—the Great Spirit loves the poor islanders!"

The girls could not help smiling, though tears were very near the surface. At last the people quieted down, and begged her to tell them some more; but now Dorothy took up the story, and told them it was the Great Spirit who had given

them food, and provided for their wants, and then told them of the other home which Jesus had gone to prepare for them, where they will never be hungry or thirsty any more. A full stomach is an ideal heaven for this poor people; they know only too well what it is to hunger and thirst.

By and by the chief suddenly asked, "How long have the white people in the far-off land known of this Great Spirit?"

When told they had known of him for many years, he looked surprised, and asked, wonderingly, "Then why have they not told us before?"

The girls looked at each other in dismay, and turning to Mr. Newton translated the question, asking how they should answer it.

"There is only one thing you can tell him," he replied; "and that is that the Lord has given you the message for him now, and urge it upon him to tell the others. I wish he could go to America, and ask that question of the people there!"

It was time for them to go, as they were to return home that night, so they again shook hands with the people, and were soon in their canoes, gliding homeward. The sun was just setting, a cool breeze was blowing, and there was just enough motion of the waves to be restful—"a lullaby," Dorothy said. The beautiful Southern Cross gleamed out, first low on the horizon, then

climbing high and higher, till it threw out its gleaming rays athwart the southern sky, as they swept round the last point of land and drew up on the beach at the mission station.

CHAPTER XI

THE ANNUAL MAIL

'Tis weary watching, wave by wave,
And yet the tide rolls onward;
We build like corals, grave by grave,
But pave a path that's sunward.

THEY were realizing the weariness of watching, those days, for their ship was due, and the last days were very hard to bear. They were all tired—physically tired, mentally starved, and in a generally forlorn and needy condition. They were not a doleful company, though; far from it, for each one realized that this was a time requiring special courage, special tact, and a great deal of mutual helpfulness. But in spite of the bright exteriors

'T was weary watching, wave by wave.

This was almost literally true of them, and

Yet, the tide rolled onward,

and brought to them no welcome cry of "Sail-ho! Missionary ship!" It is difficult for us to realize how small the little band of workers was; how shut off from the rest of the world; and to

what an extent they depended on this yearly visit of their ship.

Mrs. Newton was reduced to one pair of overshoes; Mrs. Gray had to cut down an old pair of shoes she had thrown away, and somehow "cobble" them to last till the ship came; and Margaret was reduced to half a tiny bottle of ink, which she treasured as so much gold.

"Can we make this last till the ship comes?" was a query all too frequently heard. And they looked out over the wide ocean, so desolate to them those days, so pitiless as they thought of the possibility of their ship being wrecked, and the long, weary days of waiting suggested that she would not appear at all. But that was not yet; no; they would look for weeks longer before they allowed the shadow of such a direful thing to creep into their hearts. But, oh, those waiting days!

One morning they heard a "Sail-ho!" which raised their hopes to the highest pitch of excitement. Mr. Newton was with Mr. Gray consulting him about the work. He seized his hat and ran out of the house, catching up a glass as he went. No ship was in sight, however, so he ran higher up the hill, and there he stayed for two hours, scanning the horizon first with a field-glass, then with a powerful telescope. But the sail which had appeared for a moment on the edge of the distant horizon passed away. However bravely

they took up their several burdens and smiled into each other's faces, the hope deferred that maketh the heart sick was something they were all fighting those days. They worked on, doing the little duties, carrying the heavier burdens, as during other days and weeks, but they were all praying in a deep sense of need:

> **Lord, for to-morrow and its needs**
> **I do not pray—**
> **I only ask thee give me strength**
> **Just for to-day!**

Life in the South Seas is of two varieties. Stagnation is the usual thing, but this is broken by upheavals of fast living for a few days or weeks, when there are a whirl and excitement which are exhausting to the mind and body, and which bring the inevitable penalty of reaction in their train.

"The boys say this is a 'shippy day,'" said Margaret; "I suppose they feel it 'in their bones' that a ship is coming."

"I wish the ship would come," answered Dorothy; "I 've read and reread all my last year's letters and papers, till now I am reduced to reading the advertisements. I look out longingly over the water every morning, hoping I may be fortunate enough to see a sail. Oh, for a mail!"

"'As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country,'" quoted Margaret.

"That is so!" answered Dorothy; "I think of that verse more than any other, these days."

That evening the bell had been rung for prayers, and they were all together in the native room, when one of the boys came in and said, "There is a man outside, Mrs. Gray, and he has a great deal of paper."

They thought he said "fa-fa," the native luxury made of taro or breadfruit pounded up and mixed with bananas and cocoanuts, but when he went on to illustrate with his hands how high it was, and added that it was done up in many papers, and tied with strings, they knew it could not be *fa-fa*, as that was of the consistency of pudding.

Mrs. Gray went to investigate, and it was the mail! The missionary ship had come, and the captain had succeeded in entering the harbor by moonlight—a very unusual occurrence—so they had not seen the ship. He sent the mail ashore at once by one of the natives, and a note saying all was well on board, and he would see them in the morning. Mrs. Gray brought in package after package with the help of the boys, and made a pile of them in the middle of the room. It is hard to realize how fascinating those soiled and travel-stained papers were to the little band that had received no word from the outside world for many months!

"The smell of them is the smell of America!"

declared Dorothy. "Do select a short hymn, Mrs. Gray, so we can get at those letters!"

The service was soon over, and they gathered around that heap on the floor. There were papers and magazines and photographs and letters, some of the latter only two months old.

"Two months old!" I think I hear some contemptuous mortal exclaim. Yes, and if you were accustomed to receiving letters six months or a year apart, some of them almost circumnavigating the globe to reach you, a letter but two months old would rejoice your heart even as it did theirs!

Mrs. Gray cut the strings—'t was music in their ears—and letters, papers and packages tumbled in enticing confusion on the floor. The girls received them at first from her hand; one, two, three, four. They ceased counting, and piling their treasures in a basket, went off to their room, and read, and read, and read, till head and eyes and lamp utterly refused to assist any longer. For the next few hours they certainly were not on Suomla, but back in the home land, with rapid flights to the regions beyond, rejoicing in the success and happiness of their distant fellow workers, or sympathizing in their times of need and trial.

"Oh! oh! Dorothy, do see here!" and Margaret jumped up so excitedly that her letters fell to the floor in confusion. She waved something before Dorothy. "Oh, those dear girls!" she said. "Do look, Dorothy!" and she knelt beside

her, showing her a number of photographs of the three friends left in the home land. They were taken separately, then in groups. One was a back view; each girl had adopted a different arrangement for her hair, and under the picture was written:

"Ye frivolous hair-dressing in heathen America!"

"Oh, Meg," said Dorothy, "Barbara Gwynne has a boojok, just like our heathen men! It stands up exactly the same!"

"Yes," assented Margaret; "who would imagine the styles would change so! I wonder if the girls really do wear their hair that way, or if they only wanted to show us the fashions."

"Probably they wanted to keep us up to date," said Dorothy. "What 's the other picture, Meg?"

It was taken face view, and a very charming picture it proved. They sat at little distances apart, and in the one vacant space was written "Meg," and in the other "Dorothy."

"Where 's the letter, Meg?" asked Dorothy. "Do read it aloud—that is, if it is n't private!"

Margaret sat down on the floor and looked for it in the confused heap of mail. After a little, she held up a long and much be-stamped envelope. There was a row of stamps entirely along the top. "Is n't that just like Bab's nonsense?" laughed she. Then they settled down to enjoy the closely written pages.

Lettice Alden was about to be married to a young minister who was settled over the church at Grafton.

"And so, girls," she wrote, "when you return I shall welcome you in my own home, and we shall have so much to talk over! Paul says (I do so want you to know him!) that 'they that tarry by the stuff are as they that go down into the battle,'—and I love to think I can perhaps help you in your work, at this end of the line."

Millicent Grayson was teaching school, "Pounding ideas into empty pates." "O Meg," she wailed, "I've repented in sackcloth and ashes for all the naughty deeds I did in school! 'Curses like chickens come home to roost,' and I'm having a whole brood of them. My only comfort is that they must be nearly all 'roosted' by this time! Seriously, though, I am very happy in my work, and am looking forward to the day when you and Dorothy will come home and speechify to my scholars."

Barbara Gwynne was at home, "her mother's right-hand man," she wrote. There were pages of "God-sip," as Lettice Alden phrased it—she never liked gossip. Then followed the "question-box," or "skeleton for future letters," which Margaret and Dorothy were to construct for their benefit. And, at the last, "Do tell us about getting the mail!"

"People always say it's best to write a thing

up when it 's fresh in one's mind," said Dorothy, "so let 's write them now."

"Do you see what time it is?" asked Margaret; "and we have n't gone half through our mail! We 'd better go to bed, or we won't want to get up in the morning."

"It 's morning now—after two o'clock," said Dorothy. "What 's the use of going to bed? We sha'n't sleep if we do."

"But we must," said Margaret; "we have our work to do just the same as if the mail had n't come, and then the people will be here from the ship, too."

The days passed rapidly by, and it was several weeks later before Margaret felt in the mood to write to the girls. The school had to be kept up, the natives looked after, even if their ship had come, and rather more, the girls thought; for the presence of the missionary ship always was attended with more or less excitement, and rather demoralized the natives in the school.

"We are in the thick of the fight," wrote Margaret to the girls. "I sit at my desk. On one side yawns a mammoth waste-basket; on the other, a small table, groaning under its load of blank books, catalogues, and odds and ends of 'things' I must have where I can put my hands on them. Then on the desk at which I sit are seventy-five letters in small envelopes, signed, sealed and ready to be delivered; twenty or more

letters in process of construction,—when ideas give out for one letter, I take another,—and some sixty more glowering at me from a list which lies before me. 'When are we to have a local habitation and a name?' they seem to cry; and echo answers 'When?' I am dumb.

"'Official' envelopes bulging with their ponderous contents; some harmless journals, some weighty with reports and 'state affairs.' Orders! orders! I eat orders, dream orders; they are worse than Mark Twain's:

Punch, brother, punch with care!"

"'Do you think that slipper will be wide enough for me?' asked Dorothy.

"I was thinking of an order for *plates*. 'No; I think seven and a half inches wide would suit better.' A stare—then a laugh as I realize my mistake, and we both feel better.

"Three thousand miles from a spool of thread, or a potato, or a pin, and so short a time to think of what we shall eat, bodily and mentally, and wherewithal we shall be clothed. There is so much about which to think. The relative goodness of big cans and little cans; of foods put up in tin cans and in glass jars. I reckon up my bill for supplies.

"'That is quite moderate; it does not cost so much to live down here after all.' A quiet voice asks, 'Have you added the cost of sealing in tins,

and then the cases, carting, etc.?' I add this, and rejoice no more. So it goes; orders are a delusion and a snare. It is n't the things you eat; it is the outside husks which are of no use and are so expensive!

"The orders off my mind, then back to the letters: letters new and letters old; letters hot and letters cold; letters large and letters small; letters everywhere—that is all! I can find all the letters I have received during the past year, all but the very ones I have not answered; they are always at the bottom of the biggest pile. At last I capture the one I want and lean back victoriously in my chair, when comes a sudden gust of wind,—the fractional part of a cyclone,—and letters, papers, envelopes go flying and circling around the room in wild confusion. I start after them in wilder dismay,—and so the story goes. Paper and envelopes; letters; reports; orders; black ink; red ink; stylographic and fountain pens that get tired—and I do n't blame them—and utterly refuse to work. And the ruling spirit, a young woman, with a vacuum in the place where a few brains used to repose; a vivid consciousness that she may have known something once, but it was in the long ago, before she was three thousand miles from the post-office, and only one mail a year. But time and tide and the White Wings wait for no man or woman, brains or no brains. Letters must be written. Night before last I sat up till

nearly one o'clock; last night it was 3:30 in the morning before I went to bed. And to-night, and for to-morrow night—history must tell, for prophecy is silent.

"We are all fairly well, all but Mr. Gray, who goes home this year, and leaves Dorothy and me to hold the fort. We think the presence of the White Wings will rest us, as rest here is but a change of work. I will not say good-bye, as I only bring this letter to a close that I may begin another. But I do hope that you will all realize what a practical, everyday sort of a life we live, and how much need we have for everyday grace, and patience and love and strength, physical and spiritual, intellectual and moral. And therefore —pray for us! Pray that we may, each one, practice the Christ-life before these people, as well as preach it, 'not in wisdom of words, but in the power of the Holy Spirit.'"

CHAPTER XII

A SAIL-HO! AND WHAT CAME OF IT

> My soul, be still and strong;
> Here on thy Lord's estate
> No place is useless, no experience vain.
> Work on; watch on; and wait!

It was about the middle of August. The schoolroom where Margaret and Dorothy were at work was oppressively warm, and the scholars, it seemed to Dorothy, were most unusually stupid. At last she left the recitation-room and went to Margaret.

"I am not going to try to teach them anything more to-day—at least in English,"- she said. "What do you suppose is the latest?"

Margaret laughingly shook her head. "Something dreadful, judging by your lugubrious face!"

Dorothy laughed. "I 'm afraid I do n't feel exactly sweet," she replied; "but I hardly think you would, either. Here I have been teaching this class English for two years, and now I have given them a review—easy words that they all know, or ought to know; they have had them often enough! I gave out the word 'cheek,' and how do you suppose Letuka spelled it?"

"Letuka!" said Margaret. "I thought he was considered hopeless. Do you mean that he really could spell it?"

"Well," said Dorothy, "when I asked who could spell it he raised his hand so high that I thought that perhaps he could. The boys laugh at him so much for not knowing anything. I thought if he could spell it I would better let him, and prove to the others that he did know something occasionally. So I sent him to the board, and told him to write it 'good and big' so everybody could see it, and he did—in letters about a foot long. But he spelled it 'j-e-i-g-h-k'—cheek!" and Dorothy sat down and looked at Margaret in comic despair.

"You poor child!" said Margaret, sympathetically, as soon as she could speak for laughing. "You'd better go into the house and rest; it is almost time to close school, anyway. I have only my Bible class."

"I think I will," said Dorothy; "if you don't mind. I believe my head is aching. That room was stifling!"

After Dorothy had left the room, Margaret settled herself for the Bible class. The lesson for the day was in Old Testament history, about Abraham, and the scholars seemed unusually interested, so she prolonged the lesson beyond the usual hour. They were much interested in the character of Abraham.

"Was he not a very good man?"

"Was he not righteous and holy?"

"Did not God love him very much, so that he was called the 'Friend of God'?"

These and many other questions she answered, glad that they were sufficiently interested to ask them. But at last one of them said:

"Abraham was a good man; God loved him; he was called the 'Friend of God'—all this is true, is it not, my mother?"

"Yes; it is all true," she answered.

Then came questions from the class:

"Well, did n't Abraham tell lies?"

"Did n't Abraham have more than one wife?"

"Did n't he fight the people who carried off Lot?"

"If Abraham did all these things, and God loved him so much, why do you tell us God won't love us if we do them?" and they looked at her in triumph.

This then was the reason of their unusual interest. They thought they had at last found something in the Book of God to uphold them in yielding to the temptations which so easily beset them.

She looked at them sorrowfully a moment, while she lifted up her heart to God that he would give her wisdom to reply.

"Do you believe I love you?" she asked, abruptly.

"Yes," they replied in surprise.

"Why do you think so? Are you sure of it?"

"Because you tell us so; because you left the beautiful country where there is plenty of food and drink and all good things, and have come here to help us."

"But why have I come here to help you?"

"Because we were very bad; we did not know about God, and you came to tell us about him and to teach us to obey him."

"But do you think you are good now? Don't you do wrong sometimes?"

They hung their heads in shame, and seemed unwilling to answer, but at last one of them spoke:

"Yes, my mother, we do wrong many times, but we know when we sin, and it hurts us here," laying his hand on his heart, "but we want to be good and please you and obey God. We are sorry when we do wrong."

"You say you do wrong, and yet you are sure I love you?"

"Yes, yes! my mother. We know you love us, for you take care of us. You are sorry when we do wrong, and help us to do right."

"And God loved Abraham because he tried to please him. God was sorry when he sinned, and punished him for it. But Abraham proved his love for God by his obedience. Do you remember what Jesus said about his commandments?"

One of them repeated: "He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me."

"Yes, and Jesus said, 'Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you!' God knew Abraham loved him, and wished to obey him; and when he did wrong, God had to punish him; but he loved him all the same. Those things are written in the Bible to show us that God hates sin, and will punish it; but if he sees we are trying to do right, as Abraham did, he will love us, in spite of our sins. Abraham knew he did wrong; you know he did; you know he broke God's commandments; you know these things would be wrong for you; Satan tempts you to think that because a good man did wrong, you can do wrong, too. But we should think more of pleasing God and obeying him because we love him than of obeying him just enough to escape his anger. Do right because it is right; because God asks it of you; because you love him and want to please him. If you do this every day and every hour and every minute you need not think of trying not to do wrong. You just try to do right—God will take care of you!"

She ceased speaking; there was a silence of a few minutes, and then one of the scholars touched her hand and said:

"Forgive us, my mother! It is all true, and we know it. We wanted to see what you would say. We are sorry, and will you not ask our Father in heaven to forgive us, and love us as he did Abraham?"

Margaret knelt there, in the midst of those dark-skinned children of hers, most of them older than she in years, and prayed earnestly for them; that God would deliver them from evil, and enable them to do right because they loved him too much to be willing to grieve him.

As they arose from their knees, she dismissed the class, and gathering her books together, she put them away and prepared to go to the house; it was very late, and already the sun was sinking in the west, and the moon was flooding the ocean with its silvery light.

A tall figure was standing by the door, evidently waiting for her; a step nearer, and "Dr. Everett!" she exclaimed, in a startled tone.

"Yes!" he said, taking possession of both her hands, and looking down at her.

She stood still, wondering at the sudden content and happiness that stole over her. At length that silent scrutiny became intolerable, and she asked, desperately: "When did you come? I did not hear a 'Sail-ho'!"

He released one hand but kept possession of the other as they walked onward. "We came to anchor several hours ago, and I came ashore as soon as I could leave the ship," he replied. "You had just gone to school and"—he broke off and asked abruptly, "Do you always have such long sessions?"

"No," she answered, wondering how long he

had been waiting at the door, and thankful to remember that he did not know the language. "But the boys were interested in their Bible lesson, and I stayed much longer than usual."

"Do they usually ask such questions?" he asked, in an amused tone.

He had understood, then!

"No," she replied; "but how did you know what they said?"

"We had a native on board ship, and I have studied the language a little," was the quiet reply.

They had passed the house, and he was taking her to the cliff where they had stood nearly four years ago. Margaret began to feel very shy and strange, and a little in awe of her companion. She did not dare to look at him.

"Do you remember when we were here before, Margaret?" he asked. Her face flushed painfully in the clear moonlight, and then grew pale. She did not answer, and he went on:

"If I should ask you the same question tonight, could you give me the same answer, Margaret? Would you trust yourself to me? I have something to tell you, but I cannot till I know you have not changed."

"I have not changed," she replied, almost inaudibly.

He made a quick movement toward her, and then checked himself. "Thank you, Margaret," he said, simply, with a tender lingering on her

name. "And now I will tell you why I ask that question again. You remember when I was here before I told you I wanted something very much, but was not certain it was God's will that I should have it?" She silently bowed her head. "I wanted you, Margaret! You told me then that if I wanted God's will more than anything else, he would guide me. I went away, for I could not let even you come between my Father and me, and I could not take you from your work, even if you were willing to leave it; nor could I enter upon such a privileged service without being sure the Master called me to it, and that I was not doing it for love of you! You were right, Margaret. I have waited till I am sure I want God's will more than anything else, and he has sent me back to you." Margaret covered her face with her hands. The quiet voice took a little deeper tone as he went on: "I have given up my position as surgeon on the Monitor; I have seen the Secretaries of the Board, and they have sent me here; and now it rests with you whether I remain here or go on to other fields. Shall I stay, Margaret? Will you come to me now?"

"Stay," she almost whispered; and the next moment his arms were around her.

He had taken possession of her hands again, and was studying her face with grave, loving eyes. At last he said softly: "Have you nothing to say to me, my darling?"

She looked up for the first time, but made no reply; something in her face satisfied him, however, and there was contentment and possession in the grave kisses he gave her.

By and by she made a movement to release herself, and said, "We must go; we must return to the house: they will wonder at my absence."

"They know where we are," he said, still holding her closely. "Do you know you have not welcomed me at all? I want the assurance from your own lips that you love me before I let you go!"

Something in the tone went to her heart, and, obeying a sudden impulse, she lifted her face and kissed him with the sweet freedom of a child; then she hid her face in his shoulder.

When they returned to the house a little later, he led her directly to the sofa where Mr. Gray was evidently expecting them; he did not wait for them to speak, but reached out both hands, saying:

"The Lord bless you both, and make you a blessing!"

It was decided that Dr. Everett should take Mr. Gray's place. He already knew something of the language, and with Margaret's knowledge of things in general, the work of the mission would not suffer from Mr. Gray's absence, and he hoped to be able to return to them in a year or two.

A few days later the White Wings returned,

bringing Mr. Newton from his tour in the other islands, and attended by the usual wild excitement on the part of the natives, who always called it "our ship." One day Dorothy spoke to them about it, curious to know what they would say.

"You call the White Wings your ship, and the children in America call it their ship. How can this be? How can it belong to you if it belongs to them?"

They were silent for a time, evidently puzzled how to answer her; but at length one boy said eagerly, "I know, my mother! It belongs to us both; it belongs to them, because they gave the money to have it built; but it belongs to us, too, because they sent it to us!"

The missionaries were pleasantly surprised by receiving an extra mail, which had been brought to another island by a trading vessel, and left there for the White Wings to bring to them.

The girls were so rejoiced to again hear from the dear ones in the home land that Mr. Gray told them he knew what it was to be thankful for the one mail a year. In the early days of the mission the natives had disposed of one year's mail. The missionary packet had arrived when Mr. Gray was making a tour in the adjacent islands, and the captain, fearing he would return before the ship finished her voyage, left the bags of mail with a trusty native. But the sight of these two bags, filled with a mysterious something,

was too much for the heathen people; they thought it must be some new kind of white people's food, and broke into the house, and, taking the bags, ate the contents, letters, papers and all, so that nothing remained to tell of the mail but the bags, which were serving as full dress suits for two stalwart savages.

This was long ago, however, and this time the mail was safe, and brought good cheer and encouragement to them all.

Margaret received letters from her home friends, and from the officers of the Board, which made her heart beat faster with happiness and contentment, though the congratulations were for what might be, rather than for a certainty.

It had been decided that she and Dr. Everett should be married at once, for the officers of the Monitor all wished to be present. Then, too, the White Wings must sail, shortly, and they wished to have Mr. Gray perform the ceremony before he left them. It was finally settled that they be married the day on which the ships sailed, early in the morning. The captain of the Monitor suggested escorting the missionary ship for a half day's sail out to sea, taking the newly married pair along, as their wedding journey. His offer was laughingly accepted, and preparations for the event went rapidly forward.

CHAPTER XIII

AN END AND A BEGINNING

> No ill can thee betide;
> Life's shadiest mood
> Brightens to sunshine in love's genial ray;
> And sorrow's slowest clouds dissolve in day,—
> All ill is good.

AND so it came to pass, a few days later, that Margaret walked out to the little native church, in the early morning freshness, by the side of Dr. Everett. She would have preferred being married quietly in their sitting-room, but her boys had begged to come, and Dr. Everett reminded her that the presence of the two ships would materially increase the number, so it was decided that the ceremony should be performed in the church.

The boys in the training-school had been given permission to decorate it; and, with a little judicious assistance from Dorothy, they had transformed the bare little house into a bower of beauty.

Margaret always called them her "boys," though they were anywhere from fourteen to forty years of age. One evening after prayers one of them asked Margaret how old Mr. Gray was.

She asked them how old they thought, and much to her surprise they replied "about a hundred and fifty!"

"Why, how old do you think I am?" she asked.

They looked at her for a time, and then one of them said, "You must be about seventy-five!"

They had no idea as to their own age, or that of other people; and one of the "trials" of this little band of missionaries was deciding as to the ages of their "boys," so as to put it in their yearly report to the Board.

They wound the poles that supported the thatched roof with vines, and branches of feathery bamboo were so skilfully placed that each pole seemed like the long green stem of some yet-to-be revealed flower, rising from the midst of the bamboo. Graceful festoons of vines, and a beautiful red berry that grew in pretty clusters, formed a network over their heads, while the walls were banked with ferns and flowers. The high peaked roof was a canopy of verdure above the network of vines and berries. At one end of the room two American flags were draped,—they were sent from the Monitor,—and in front of them they had formed an arch of delicate ferns, and magnificent white lilies. It was near this arch that Mr. Gray stood, awaiting them.

Had this wedding occurred in a Christian land, the papers might truly have called it "brilliant";

but a brilliant wedding—for a missionary—and in the South Sea Islands!

It was a pretty scene, nevertheless. Margaret wore pure white robes falling around her in graceful folds, the perfect simplicity relieved by the beautiful lace at neck and wrists, and a quaint girdle of delicately wrought silver, a bit of frost-work—an heirloom in Dr. Everett's family, which he had given her the day before. She held in her hand a single lily, which one of her boys had given her as she entered the church. Dr. Everett stood with an erect, graceful carriage, and an indefinable something about him which told of the true nobility of his nature, and a quiet dignity which awed while it did not repel.

Before them stood Mr. Gray, thin and pale, but beaming. Indeed, something of the morning sunshine seemed reflected from all faces. Very near Margaret were grouped the missionaries, then came the officers from the two ships, those from the Monitor in full uniform, adding a brilliancy to the scene which rather overcame the assembled natives. For Margaret's boys were there, as well as others,—none were excluded. As many as could get in crowded the house, and all the doors and windows were filled with dark faces; dark, but loving, with as warm hearts as beat under many a whiter skin.

Mr. Gray used the ceremony of the Church of England, and the responses were made in clear,

distinct tones. There was a look on Margaret's face as of one who stood on holy ground, and an utter absence of self-consciousness which made Dr. Everett's fellow-officers from the Monitor wonder if all missionaries were like her. As they saw the deep content on his strong face they almost envied him.

At the close of the ceremony a prayer was offered that was never written in books, and then the beautifully impressive benediction:

"God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost bless, preserve and keep you; the Lord mercifully with his favor look upon you, and fill you with all spiritual benediction and grace; that ye may so live together in this life, that in the world to come ye may have life everlasting. Amen."

In the midst of the congratulations and loving words that followed, Captain Ray of the Monitor approached Margaret. A rosy glow came over her face as he addressed her:

"Mrs. Everett, I am sorry to hasten you, but the tide is not standing on ceremony, and if we are to reach the ships this morning we should leave at once."

"We will start immediately," replied Dr. Everett. "Mr. Gray has gone to the house for some last things, and he must be ready by this time."

They all went down to the beach together, where the boats were awaiting them. For a mo-

ment Margaret was surprised that there were no canoes in sight, as the natives had asked permission to go out to the ship, which had been freely granted them; but the next instant she forgot them. They were approaching the captain's gig. The sailors, in their natty white suits and caps with "U. S. N." glittering in front, stood in military precision and saluted her politely, though with irrepressible grins of delight, as the captain gallantly led her forward to the stern, from which floated the stars and stripes. The missionaries all went in the captain's gig. Then followed the boats containing the officers from the Monitor and the White Wings. As they left the shore, and swept by the first curve, there was a shout, and a fleet of canoes, filled with natives, shot into view, and fell in line behind the boats.

As they approached the Monitor they were startled by the sudden roar of cannon, repeated three times. The two ships were lying side by side, and at the first report of the cannon the stars and stripes were flung to the breeze on both ships, and with each report the flags were dipped in salute.

Mr. Gray was unable to restrain himself; and, weak as he was, he sprang to his feet, and turning to the canoes which followed them, he called out, "Three cheers, boys!"

The natives understood, and from boats and

canoes came the ringing cry: "Hurrah! *Hurrah!* HURRAH!"

Another dip of the flags answered them, as they brought up alongside the ships, and almost immediately steamed from the harbor.

As soon as they were safely out of the harbor, Captain Ray invited them all below, where they found a tempting repast awaiting them, after disposing of which they returned to the deck.

The missionary party were considerately left alone, as the morning was advancing, and very soon Mr. and Mrs. Gray must be transferred to the other ship, and the rest return to Suomla.

By and by signals were seen on the White Wings, which were answered by the Monitor; then the distance gradually lessened between them, till at last they lay at rest, moving only at the mandate of the restless ocean.

The last words were said, and Mr. and Mrs. Gray entered the boat which was to take them to the ship of peace, where Captain Gilson was waiting to receive them. The boat returned to the ship of war, and slowly the ships moved apart; a last salute of the cannon, a last dipping of the flags, and the White Wings plunged gallantly through the waves on her homeward way, while the Monitor bore swiftly down upon Suomla, and just as the sun was setting, reached the mission station and sent the missionary party ashore, with hearty good wishes and promises to come

again. It did not anchor, but lay off and on till the gig returned, then steamed away and was lost to sight in the swift descending darkness.

The days slipped rapidly by, each bringing its own duties and its own joys. Dr. Everett soon comprehended the condition and needs of the work, and he also saw that both Margaret and Dorothy were having too much care and responsibility; and, little by little, he took their burdens upon himself, saying laughingly, in reply to their protest that he was leaving them nothing to do, "You are only assistant missionaries, remember! After a little you will find your hands full of work more suited to your strength; and in the meantime a few canoe rides and sea baths won't hurt you any!"

He at once assumed the care of the training-school, and in a very short time was able to take the Bible teaching, and one or two other classes, so Dorothy was in school but three hours a day, and had more time for outside work, while Margaret did no school work, but took Mrs. Gray's place in the mission.

Dr. Everett was very popular with the natives. His daily intercourse with the Christian element brought him into close sympathy with them, while the heathen people respected him for his fearlessness and his surprising mastery of the language.

Another thing, too, which won their hearts, was his ready helpfulness, and the heartiness with

which he undertook everything. There was a proverb current among the islands that "Gentleman-gentleman thought nothing that ought to be done too mean for him; pig-gentleman never worked!"

An old chief said to Margaret one day, after Dr. Everett had been among them about a year: "When our new father came to us we were afraid he would be a 'pig-gentleman,' for he wore shining things on his clothes and on his hat; but now we know that if he was pig-gentleman outside, he was gentleman-gentleman inside, and we all love him!"

The missionary ship came and sailed away again, bringing no Mr. Gray, but instead bringing letters from him, telling of continued ill health, with but little encouragement to hope for better things. He gave the work entirely up to Dr. Everett to carry on as he thought best.

This was no more than they had anticipated; for Dr. Everett had seen, with the practiced eye of a physician, that Mr. Gray was more injured than he would admit, or than he, indeed, realized.

He had long been pondering the condition and needs of the work, and had become convinced that it was too concentrated—that they were working too much in grooves, and he longed to push out into wider fields; and now that he was free to use his own judgment he broached the subject to Margaret. She listened thoughtfully as he

opened to her a wider vision of the needs of the people, and her heart thrilled in sympathy with his earnestness.

"There are thousands of these people," he said, "wild and lawless, it is true; but, wild as they are, Christ died for them, and how can we reach them, if we have but this one center? I know we are all working, conscientiously and earnestly; but we are wasting our ammunition"—he was something of a soldier still. "We must get closer to them, win their confidence, make them understand we are their friends, and God will incline their hearts to heed his message."

"You have some plan in your mind," said Margaret; "tell me what it is."

"Yes," he replied, "I have a plan, but I hardly dare mention it. It would mean trial, hardship, perhaps persecution and death. I have no fear for myself, but for you, Margaret. Yet if the Master call"—

"I am not afraid," she said, as he hesitated; "we are safe anywhere that God sends us, and we can trust ourselves to him. A good soldier does not stop to parley when advance is the word, Willard, so tell me your plan."

He laughed a little at her hit at soldiers, and then immediately became grave as he went on: "My plan is this, briefly: that Mr. and Mrs. Newton unite our school with theirs, and Dorothy remain here to assist in the teaching, while you and

I, my wife, take half a dozen of our Christian people and go to Otwa, and open a new station there."

"Otwa!" she repeated, in a startled tone. "Why, Willard, that is the worst place in this group!"

"I know it is," he said; "and therefore the Otwans have the greatest need. There is no one else to go. I can see no other way to reach them. They will not come here to us, and I think they mistrust us because we stay together here. Christ did not tell us to go where the heathen could reach us, and then sit down and wait for them to come to us,—not if I understand his command. It is, Go ye, teach, and preach, to every creature!"

Long and earnestly did husband and wife talk, earnestly did they pray for wisdom and guidance; and not till they were certain it was the Master's call to them, did they speak of their plans to Mr. and Mrs. Newton and Dorothy; but at length the matter was fully arranged. Mr. Newton gladly took the added responsibility of the school work, with Dorothy to remain as his assistant, while Dr. Everett and Margaret at once began preparations to take their lives in their hands and go forth to do their Master's will; or no, say rather to leave their lives in God's hands, and trust his promise that he would never leave nor forsake them.

They lingered on at the mission station for a little, and one bright, beautiful morning, God

gave another and infinitely precious charge into their keeping.

Dr. Everett's face was very tender as he knelt by the side of his wife and daughter, that helpless morsel of humanity that was to grow with the soul's growth, and develop, as the mother and father prayed in that first hour of their baby's life, into a child of God, who from her earliest consciousness would love her Father in heaven, and obey him as naturally and spontaneously as her father on earth.

CHAPTER XIV

THE NEW STATION

Let us be like the bird, for a moment perched
On a frail branch while he sings;
Though he feels it bend, yet he sings his song,
For he knows he has his wings.

—*Victor Hugo.*

THEY did not get away from the mission station for some months. Margaret came back to health but slowly, and Dr. Everett did not deem it wise to make such a change as they contemplated until mother and child were in good condition for it. So it came to pass that the White Wings found them still at Suomla, and it was not until well on in another year that they bade farewell to the old life, and started on their canoe voyage to Otwa.

They were accompanied by several of their most consecrated natives from the school, two of whom were married, and all of whom went willingly, knowing what it might mean for them, as the Otwans were at enmity with their own tribe.

On the way Dr. Everett encouraged them to be true to their Master, who would protect them

if they trusted him. He reminded them of Christ's own words, "Fear not them which kill the body;" "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends;" "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you;" and, "Lo I am with you alway;" "Go ye therefore!" He could not assure them of peace and safety—they would not have believed him if he had—but he could assure them of Him who has "all power in heaven and in earth."

As they drew near Otwa, two canoes shot out from the shore and came rapidly toward them. As they drew nearer Dr. Everett's watchful eyes could see they were filled with natives in their war paint, and armed with heavy spears and clubs; one or two of them were provided with guns. He had only time to caution his men to do nothing to provoke them, when they swept up alongside his canoe, and surveyed the missionary party with sullen faces.

They made no response to Dr. Everett's pleasant greeting, unless a firmer grasp of their weapons might be so construed, but one who seemed to be their chief stood lightly poised on the rocking canoe, and asked with something of sarcastic dignity, "And what do the folk from the land of the white men want with the Otwans?" while the others waited in ominous silence for the answer.

Dr. Everett arose to his feet and stood before

them, and they gazed with evident admiration at the tall, erect figure. His fearless bearing was winning him favor for the moment, at least. "I have come to you from the far-off land at the command of the Great Spirit who made the world, the sea, and all that in them is. This Great Spirit has dominion over this world and over other worlds. He is greater than all your spirits; more powerful than all your chiefs. This great and good and powerful Spirit loves the island folk, and therefore he has sent me to you with a message from him."

There was a moment's silence as he ceased speaking. The poor, fierce heathen in the canoes were evidently impressed by his words, and the Christians in their midst were praying earnestly.

"And does this Great Spirit live in the land of the white people?" asked the chief, still maintaining his indifferent bearing, yet with something of interest in his tone.

Dr. Everett reverently bared his head as he stood there, and straightening his tall form he pointed upward.

"This Great Spirit dwells in heaven, where there is no darkness or sorrow, no hunger or thirst, where all is light and joy and plenty. He came to the land of the white people, and has given us peace and food and happiness. He lives, indeed, in the land of the ship-people, and to the lands of many dark people has he gone, and they

too, have peace and love and happiness. This Great Spirit has sent me to tell you that because of his great love he wants to live with you. He is not far from any one of us!"

As he uttered the last words, the natives in the canoes threw down their weapons in a panic, and prostrated themselves before him. Only the old chief remained standing, and his voice had lost something of its menacing tone as he said:

"These are wonderful words that our ears are hearing of this Great Spirit who the white man says is greater than our spirits that we worship. If they are true, then my people shall obey his voice. The white people shall tell us more about this Spirit who gives food and peace and happiness. They shall land in Narka's war canoe, and my people will go in your canoe!"

It was useless to resist, and with many misgivings they made the change, Margaret clasping her baby more closely in her arms. Dr. Everett could only whisper a word of caution to his brave natives, as he left them alone with the four heathen men, while he and Margaret were at the mercy of the chief Narka and his followers.

As they made the change, baby Eleanor stirred restlessly in Margaret's arms, and the ever-watchful Narka asked: "What does the white-faced woman hide in her arms?" And he reached forth his brawny arm and snatched away the shawl which was wrapped around the little one.

The blue eyes were wide open, and the baby face was smiling and dimpling with the sweet sleep from which she had just awakened. As Narka bent over her she suddenly reached up one little hand and clutched at the string of red berries around his neck.

"Give her to me," he said, authoritatively; and as Margaret shrank back and clasped her darling more closely in her arms, he repeated more fiercely:

"I want the little white-face; give her to me, I say!" laying his hand threateningly on his club.

"Let him take her, Margaret," said Dr. Everett; "I do not think he will hurt her, and it is dangerous to refuse."

So Margaret unwillingly gave up her baby to the repulsive old heathen, who gave a grunt of satisfaction, and at once proceeded to investigate the curious plaything.

Strange to say, baby Eleanor did not seem to be at all afraid. She lay in his arms cooing and smiling, now and then making frantic clutches after the bright berries.

They landed amid the crowd of natives on the shore. A feeling of dismay swept over Margaret as she stepped among them. She had expected heathenism, but this was worse than she had even imagined; men, women and children naked, or with only the slightest fringe around the loins; covered with tattoo and oil and filth, with fierce, vicious faces, "having no hope, and without God

NARKA AND BABY ELEANOR.

in the world." "Without God;" ah, yes! that explained it. That was the root of it all. And as the thought flashed into Margaret's mind, she seemed to hear the Master's voice, "Other sheep I have, . . . them also I must bring;" "If you love me, feed my sheep!"

"The messenger of the Great Spirit must stay in Narka's house," said the chief; and he led the way to a cluster of huts beneath the shady bread-fruit trees. One or two children got too near him, and he lifted his club and carelessly knocked them down, walking over one who fell in his way. It required all of Dr. Everett's self-control not to break out in words of indignation; but he only stopped, and lifting the children from the ground where they had fallen he carefully wiped the dust and tears from their faces as he set them on their feet.

Narka simply shrugged his shoulders as he noted the action, and stalked on ahead, still carrying the baby in his arms. Margaret noticed, however, that he was carrying her with some degree of care, and that every now and then he would look down at her with something of satisfaction and pleasure in his face.

He led them to a hut a little apart from the others, differing from them only in being slightly larger, and having a roof with sharp peaks at either end. It had reed sides, but no windows, the only entrance for light and air being through

the single low door, not more than three feet high. Inside, they found the ground covered with the usual coarse mat, but two or three finer mats were rolled carelessly up and thrown in a corner. Narka took one of these, and spreading it on the ground he placed baby Eleanor upon it, and then turned to Dr. and Mrs. Everett.

"The white-face and the white-face woman stay here;" and before they could say a word he had stalked out, leaving them alone.

Margaret's first movement was to gather her darling in loving arms, with a long breath of thankfulness that she was safe; then she turned anxious eyes to her husband. "Well, Willard?"

"It looks very much as if we were prisoners," he said; "but I do not think the natives are really hostile, and if I am not very much mistaken, the Lord is going to use our little one to prepare Narka's heart for his message. Let us ask God's guidance and protection, and decide what to do. I am anxious about the boys."

But he need not have been, for in a very few moments he heard one of them calling him, and going out he found them standing in front of the hut, each bearing a burden of breadfruit, bananas, pineapples and other food.

"Narka has sent them to you," one of the boys explained; and Dr. Everett accepted, with a thankful heart, this evidence of the good-will of the chief.

The following morning Narka came and asked for "the little white-face." The baby was brought, and he walked off with her, closely followed by the father and mother. He took her to where a crowd of natives was gathered, and they greeted him with exclamations of wonder and delight. Baby Eleanor gazed upon the dark-faced men who surrounded her, with dignity befitting her age—or it may be her quiet behavior came from the string of beautiful shells which Narka had given her, and with which she was playing. At all events, her dusky admirers were satisfied with her conduct.

At length Narka turned to Dr. Everett and said: "My people are here to listen to the message the white man brings to us from the Great Spirit. When we saw the strange canoe coming yesterday, we went out to kill you. But we liked the words you spoke to us, of the powerful and good Spirit who loves the Otwans, and we want to hear more of him. Then, too, the white baby is good to look upon; you did not keep her from me yesterday, nor to-day; you were not afraid to trust the great chief of the Otwans. So we have come together to listen to the message from the Great Spirit, and if your words are good to hear, you shall stay and tell us many things, and we will obey this great and powerful Spirit. Speak, and my people shall hear; then we will decide whether you shall stay among us, or"— Here Narka paused, and placed his hand significantly upon the spear of

ironwood edged with sharks' teeth, which lay beside him.

A great silence fell on that crowd of savages; wild, fierce and altogether repulsive.

Then Dr. Everett's voice broke the stillness: "I shall ask the Great Spirit, first, to help me give his message, and to help you understand it." And he and Margaret knelt there in the midst of that heathen throng, and most earnestly he prayed, knowing that the success of their mission—yes, and their very lives, depended on his words.

They arose from their knees, and then he spoke to them; and straight to their hearts went his words, winged by the power of the Holy Spirit. The people listened, more and more interested, till, as he closed his message, they were sitting at his feet, crowding near and nearer, drinking in his words, like the thirsty souls they were, thirsty, though they knew it not!

"Shall the messenger of the Great Spirit stay?" asked Narka of his people. And a mighty shout went up from that savage throng. They had gained an entrance, at least, and returned to the hut, well satisfied with the morning's work.

After a few days, Dr. Everett spoke to Narka about having a larger house built for him, higher up the mountain side in a more healthful locality. The hut they were occupying was very damp, and already baby Eleanor had twice been alarmingly ill with croup.

He readily consented, and at once set his men to work felling trees and making cord preparatory to building.

After they had begun putting up the house, Narka one day told Dr. Everett that after it was built, he would give him the other houses for his Christian boys.

"But what will you do?" asked Dr. Everett.

"Oh, I am going to live with you," calmly replied the chief. "I good, now, like ship-people. I give you land, build house, then your things all same mine. We live together; your boys have my houses."

Here was a dilemma. Very plainly, the old heathen thought that as soon as the house was built he was to share it, and have all things in common with the missionaries.

This would never do. So Dr. Everett explained to him, and urged him to build another house near by, for his own use; but Narka was at first obstinate, and then angry. He was partially pacified, however, by the gift of a pocket-knife and a small mirror, in which he viewed himself with delight, though at first it was not unmixed with terror.

The building was stopped, however. If Narka could not go with the missionaries into a new house, they should stay with him in the old one. He was still outwardly their friend, however he felt toward them in his heart. The great majority

of the people were becoming more and more antagonistic, though too afraid of Narka to molest them openly. A few, however, had become Christians, and these formed a little settlement around the hut of their beloved missionary.

Month after month passed, and still they were in the uncomfortable native house. Margaret was growing very pale and thin, but it was the little one who suffered most from the dampness, and Dr. Everett was beginning to question the wisdom of remaining longer among the Otwans, though to go away meant to lose the hold he already had upon them, when they awoke one morning to find their ship lying off and on outside the reef. A boat had put out from her, and soon Captain Gilson was ashore. He was shocked to find they had been living for nearly a year in that wretched thatched hut.

"Well, well, doctor," he said, cheerily, when the situation was explained to him, "the Lord takes care of his own, and do n't need the help of these pesky natives, either," he added, savagely; "we 'll put your house up in a way that will surprise the oily rascals!"

"I do n't see how you can, captain," said Dr. Everett, rather despondently. "You can't get a stick or a stone from a native; even Narka does n't dare do more than let us stay in this house."

"Bless your heart, man! I do n't want their kindling wood—that 's all their thatch is good for,

anyway. Did n't I tell you I brought your house from the other station, furniture and all?"

And so he had. It was one of those portable houses, easy to take down and put up again, and much to the amazement of the natives, this new kind of a house grew like magic before their eyes; and before another Sabbath, they were again settled in a comfortable home.

When the heathen people found Dr. Everett had his house, in spite of them, they were furious, and only waited a fitting opportunity to revenge themselves; but Dr. Everett went quietly in and out among them, and Margaret fearlessly visited the women, so by little and little they were making their way into the hearts of the poor people.

They had been in their new house not quite a year, when little Eleanor was again seized by that enemy of babyhood, the croup, and this time all that Dr. Everett and Margaret could do was of no avail; and after a day of anguish in seeing the sufferings of their darling, they could almost pray, as the shadows of night fell, that God would mercifully take her to himself.

CHAPTER XV

THROUGH FIERY TRIALS

When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee: I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

ALL night long they watched by the side of the little one, hoping against hope; now thankful that the agony of the past few hours was over, now feeling that anything would be better than to see the baby face lying so still on the pillow—only the occasional quiver of an eyelid to tell them their darling was still with them.

Margaret sat by her side, or walked the floor all the night through, struggling with the wild rebellion that threatened to engulf her. At last, in the gray dawn of the early morning, Dr. Everett took her gently by the hand, and drawing her down by the couch he poured out his soul in the prayer, "not our will," surrendering their little one and themselves to a loving Father. There was in it a sweet spirit of trust that breathed through it all, a steadfast faith and strength, a love for their darling and for her, together with such love for God and assurance of his love for them, that though he

slay, yet his love was round about them. Margaret felt as though her heart would break. At last the tears came, and with them all the pent-up agony and rebellion of the past hours gushed forth. She knew not how, but husband and wife arose from their knees as those who had passed through the fire and had not been burned, neither had the fire kindled upon them; for their Father had spoken to them. They had heard his voice amid the billows of fire that surged over them, saying, "Fear not; for I am with thee."

"Mamma take Ellie." The baby voice was very faint. Margaret took the tiny, wasted form in her arms, with a startled, questioning look at her husband. The tender pity in the eyes that met hers was almost too much for her self-control.

Together they sat in silence, while the light of another day was slowly dawning. A ray of light shot over the distant mountain tops, straight into the room, and hovered about the mother and child, resting like a halo around the baby head. Suddenly the blue eyes opened wide, one sweet, sweet smile up into the faces bending over her, a half-drawn breath, faint and quivering, and another little one was tenderly enfolded in the arms of Him who longed for the children to come to him. Before the little feet had learned aught of this world's lessons, the Shepherd loved her so much that he spared her the weary pathway his own dear feet had trod. He sent her to gladden the

hearts of two of his servants for a little, and to teach them, it may be, some needed lesson, and, her mission accomplished, he took her home to her Father's house.

Dr. Everett would have taken the still form from Margaret, but she would not let him. She laid the little one down on the couch, straightened the baby limbs, and then she turned to her husband. She could not speak, but the patient suffering in her face was pitiful. He opened his arms, and she crept into them.

"'What shall I say? he hath both spoken unto me, and himself hath done it.' 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.' Can you say this, Margaret?" he asked, after a pause.

"Yes," the white lips almost whispered.

"Say it, my darling."

She hesitated a little, then she raised her head; firm and clear were the low tones: "Though he slay me, yet do I trust him!"

"Amen!" said Dr. Everett, and kneeling by the little form so dear to them they communed with God, who was their "refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." And He who is very pitiful and of tender mercy bound up their aching hearts, gave them of his peace, and they arose from their knees comforted and strengthened for the duties which lay before them.

Margaret prepared the little one for her last resting-place, while Dr. Everett made the coffin,

every nail piercing their hearts as truly as it entered the wood.

Narka, the hard-hearted savage, came with his wives and his attendants, to see the "little white-face." He had given her a native name, and shown her many attentions, as the only white baby he had ever seen. The chief, who had often torn his subjects limb from limb, entered the room in a subdued manner, and sitting down by the baby form, unfolded two very elaborately embroidered mats. With gentle hands he spread them over the child he had so loved, then covering his face he burst into loud weeping in which his wives and attendants joined. They were making it very hard for Margaret, so at last Dr. Everett made an excuse that would send them away, but not until he had taken the opportunity to try and impress upon their hearts some lesson from the little life that had gone from them.

By and by he came to Margaret. "There are a great many of the heathen around to-day, and they seem very hostile; I am afraid we must wait till dark to lay our darling away."

"Why?" was her startled query.

"I do not want them to know where we lay her," was the evasive answer.

"But why?" persisted Margaret. "They would not"—she dared not give utterance to the thought in her mind.

"They have been known to disturb the bodies

of those they hate and consider their enemies," said Dr. Everett, reluctantly.

A convulsive shudder passed over Margaret's frame, but she said nothing. Her husband held her hand in a firm clasp that gave her strength as he went on:

"They have not yet learned that we are here because we love them," he said. "I have been thinking that under the big tree would be a good place. I have been digging there for a garden, so there would be no trace."

"Oh, Willard, it is so hard not even to be permitted to mark her resting-place!" she said, with quivering lips.

"'Himself hath done it!' It is hard," and the strong voice trembled, "but we can do it if he bids us, can we not? And she is not there. We do not want to think of her as there, but safe and happy with Him whom we love. He asks this of us—he will be with us through it all."

Night fell; and they sat in silence by the form they were so soon to put away from them; alone in the darkness, for they dared not have a light—alone with their dead, and their God.

About midnight Dr. Everett put his arm around Margaret, and they knelt for the last time by their darling. When they arose to their feet, Dr. Everett took the little burden in his arms, and followed by Margaret went out into the still darkness of the night. Noiselessly he increased the depth of the

little grave that he had begun to dig in the daytime, but had not dared to finish lest he arouse the curiosity of the natives; and alone, with the stars looking down upon them, they laid baby Ellie away. Involuntarily Margaret thought of Mrs. Gray's words to her, so long ago:

"You will find room for self-denial and sacrifice without going to meet them."

Carefully scattering loose earth and stones over the place, they walked back to their desolate home.

It is one of the mysteries of life—or this preparation for living which we call life—why so much of trial and suffering, so much of the cross of Christ, is laid on some, who, to our limited vision, already seem to bear the "image of their Master in their face." It was given to Margaret Everett, not only to labor but also to suffer for Christ's sake, as few women have been called upon to suffer; and thank a merciful Father that this is so!

That afternoon two of the heathen men came and said some of the people wanted "the missionary man and woman."

"But why do you want the 'missionary woman'?" asked Dr. Everett; "I will go with you; she can stay."

"They want the woman, too. They will be angry," the man persisted with a scowling face.

"Oh, let me go, Willard!" Margaret pleaded. "I don't want to stay alone; let me go with you."

He gave a reluctant consent, and they went with the man. Not very far distant, they saw a crowd of natives gathered. As they drew nearer, Margaret did not notice that the people had closed in behind them, but her husband did. They were helpless, however, at the mercy of that savage throng.

They had seen the heathen at Suomla and on other islands, but never had they seen such awful creatures as surrounded them that afternoon, the more awful as they seemed of rather a higher type than the people on the other islands. The men had erect, graceful figures, bright eyes and rather intelligent faces, but were covered from head to foot with red and yellow paint, cocoanut oil and dirt. Their long black hair was held in a tangled mass on the top of the head by a native comb. Immense apertures in their ears were filled with ornaments made of tortoise shell or coral. They were unclothed, save for a strip of native cloth around the loins or thrown over the shoulders. Can it be of such as these Christ said, "Other sheep I have, . . . them also I must bring"?

In their midst was Narka. Dr. Everett's heart grew heavy with foreboding as he saw him, and instinctively he drew Margaret closer to his side. The old chief had thrown off every semblance of Christianity or friendliness, and stood there in heathen nakedness, as he declared himself their enemy, and poured forth a torrent of abuse and

threatenings, during which the mutterings of the ill-concealed hatred in the crowd broke into a storm of rage. They spoke of Dr. Everett's preaching, saying, "You told us we were serving the devil. That is true; we have the devil with us, and that makes us strong, and we are happy. We like to dance and drink and smoke. If you like preaching, all right, keep it, and we will do what we please."

Then they threatened them with their clubs and mocked and taunted them like fiends. "Stand up and preach to us, missionary. Weep for us, woman. Let us see you preach and weep!"

Margaret shrank back in terror, and noticing this some of them flourished their clubs around her head, taking care, however, not to strike her. This was too much for her already overwrought nerves, and she fell fainting to the ground.

Narka and the other heathen were satisfied with their work, and with a threatening "Remember," they waved their clubs in the air and went away.

Some of the Christian natives who had been forcibly detained came running up, eager to show their love to their "father and mother." Two of them lifted Margaret and carried her, still insensible, to the house, where Dr. Everett applied himself to restoring her to consciousness.

At length his efforts were rewarded, but only for the moment, when she again relapsed into in-

sensibility. Then followed days and nights when she lived over again, in her delirium, the sad experiences through which she had passed.

It was the third day of her sickness. Dr. Everett was haggard and worn. He had cared for Margaret day and night, hardly leaving her for a moment, and then only in response to some demand made upon him by the natives. They were very kind —the Christian natives—but they could do little to help him, and the strain was telling upon him.

Again he was called from Margaret's side. "Well, Nabua, what is it?"

"We see a canoe coming, my father, and there is a white man and woman in it."

"Are you sure?" asked Dr. Everett, a wild hope springing up in his heart that Mr. Newton might have heard of his trouble and come to him.

"Yes, my father! We did not tell you, but that day Lebojen and Lejekto took a canoe and went for your friends, and it is they who are coming!"

"Thank God," said Dr. Everett, with deep emotion; "you were very thoughtful, Nabua, and I thank you"—

The man interrupted him. "O my father, all this would not have come to you if you had not come to us! We love you and we want to help you."

Dr. Everett returned to Margaret and found her lying in a stupor, which succeeded the violent at-

tacks of delirium. As he sat by her side lost in thought, a hand was laid on his shoulder. He started, and Mr. Newton almost took him in his arms, while Dorothy—for it was she—was on her knees by the bedside, her whole form shaken by the sobs she tried in vain to suppress.

Dr. Everett went to her. "Don't," he said, huskily; "she will be better now you are here; and thank God you are come!"

CHAPTER XVI

NEXT THINGS

> **Yet I argue not**
> **'Gainst heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot**
> **Of heart or hope; but still bear up, and steer**
> **Right onward.**
>
> —*Milton.*

It was but slowly that Margaret came back to life. Dorothy's strength and patience were taxed to the uttermost during the trying days that followed, but her love bore her through, and at last the light of reason shone again in Margaret's eyes, though she was but the wreck of her former self.

By and by she came among them once more, and crept around, taking up her old duties and cares as she grew stronger; trying to smile cheerily at her husband and Dorothy, who remained with them, though Mr. Newton was obliged to return to his own field of labor.

One day Margaret suddenly asked Dorothy if she would like to go with her to see some of their people.

"I have neglected them so long," she said, "I am afraid they will think I have forsaken them."

"But Margaret, dear, would n't it be better to wait till you are stronger?" said Dorothy.

She shook her head. "No, I shall grow stronger by working and trying to help these people." And when her husband remonstrated with her she stopped him with saying, "We must help them, Willard. They did not know," she said, with trembling lips. "We must show them we want to help them; we must love them, and then they will believe in us."

And bravely did she take up her burdens and go among the people,—fearlessly, as she had gone before. The women seemed glad to have her come, and the men made no opposition. They were amazed; they could not understand it at all; and so they waited and watched her, while the wonder deepened in their hearts, and they reverenced her as one apart, against whom they and their spirits were powerless to contend.

"Margaret," said Dorothy, about a month later, "I wish you would make the doctor open another tin of flour. I have asked him half a dozen times, and there is only flour enough for one more baking of bread."

Margaret raised her head from the pillow. She was in her accustomed place these days, a low couch, drawn close to the window, from which she could look out on the restfulness and strength of the mountains, or on the ever-changeful ocean.

She looked at her husband, and was about to speak, when a new thought came into her mind.

"Willard, what day of the month is it?"

"It is the fifteenth," he briefly replied.

"The fifteenth of September?" she said, slowly; then after a moment's silence, "Isn't the White Wings late, dear?"

"Just a little!" he replied, lightly.

"Willard, come here," and raising herself on one elbow, she held out her hand to him. He went to her instantly, taking the thin white hand in his own as he sat down by her side. "Willard, why haven't you been eating bread lately?"

He laughed lightly. "Because I have been eating other things, my dear!"

Dorothy could have shaken herself for her stupidity. Of course their ship was late, she knew that; and why couldn't she have known that he wanted to save the flour for Margaret, whose failing appetite was a constant source of anxiety to them? But then, why couldn't he have said so, when she had asked him, over and over again, to open another tin? And now she had troubled Margaret, who would not be satisfied till she knew the whole situation.

"Willard, tell me; how much more flour have we?"

"Enough to last for a long time, my dear, judging by the impression you are making upon it!"

"Is there any more for you to open?" she per-

sisted. "I mean to know, and you may as well tell me without beating about the bush any longer."

"Persistency, thy name is woman!" he ejaculated. Then seeing she was waiting for an answer, he said, "I am sorry Dorothy spoke of it; but after all it is my fault. I did not want to trouble either of you, so I put her off when she asked me. The truth is, Margaret," he said, stroking the dark hair with a loving hand, "there is no more flour to be opened. We are on the last tin."

"And other things in proportion, I suppose?" she questioned.

"Yes," he replied; "all but rice and beans," with a grimace.

"If the ship does not come soon, Willard, what shall we do?"

"But the White Wings will come, my dear!" he said. "She has been late before, and perhaps this year she is detained for the new man who is coming to us; and that would be worth short commons for a time, would it not?"

He spoke lightly, but there was an anxious look in the eyes watching her.

The days crept slowly by. Dr. Everett was busy and did all he could in the school which they had established, and for the people in his immediate vicinity. He did not go away on long preaching tours these days. He was far too anxious about Margaret.

Dorothy was housekeeper, assistant in the school, and assumed as many of Margaret's duties as she could be persuaded to relinquish, but she would not give up entirely.

One day they were both visiting the native women in their huts. Dorothy had gone into one of these miserable places, and found a woman lying on a mat, apparently very ill. She recognized her as one in whom Margaret had been especially interested. The woman moved restlessly as Dorothy entered the low opening which served as both door and window, but paid no attention to her. At last she thought of Margaret. "I will go and tell her," she said to herself; "it may do her good. She may forget herself in trying to help this poor soul!" She crept softly out, and finding Margaret, told her of the woman.

"It is Neawa!" exclaimed Margaret. "She was just beginning to care for me, when"—her voice trembled, and Dorothy hastily said:

"I wish you would see her. I think she is very sick, and she won't speak to me. Shall I go with you?" she added, as Margaret moved toward the hut.

"You might wait outside; perhaps she will like it better if I am alone."

She went into the hut, and groped her way in the semi-darkness to where the woman was lying. The air was foul and close, and the whole place as wretched as it well could be.

"Poor Neawa!" she said, softly, as she sat down on the mat by her side, and laid her hand gently on the woman's shoulder.

Neawa opened her eyes heavily, saw who her visitor was, and then deliberately closed her eyes and turned her face to the wall.

"Why, Neawa!" said Margaret, "what is the trouble? You used to love me;—you know I love you. I am so sorry you are sick; won't you let me help you?" Still the sick woman made no sign. Margaret pleaded with her a little longer. It was evident she was very ill. She dared not leave her in that condition, and yet her own strength was fast leaving her.

Suddenly the woman turned, and snatched Margaret's Bible from her hands; she turned the leaves rapidly till she came to the twenty-fifth of Matthew, and she read:

"I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: . . . naked and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me." "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

She lay back a few moments, gasping for breath. Margaret watched her in silence, a dull heavy pain at her heart. What did it all mean?

The woman spoke again. "I have been hungry; did you feed me?"

Margaret was silent.

"Did you?" she demanded.

"No," was the low replied, "but"—

"I have been thirsty," the fierce voice went on; "did you give me anything to drink?"

"No," said Margaret, reluctantly.

"I have been cold, I have had no clothes; did you give me any? Did you?"

Margaret could only shake her head in reply.

"I have been sick, you did not come to see me. Ah!"—and with sudden strength born of her anger she flung the Bible into the farthest corner of the hut—"you do n't do what your God tells you to, and I do n't want either of you!"

Like one stunned by an unexpected blow Margaret sat there; then she tried to explain to Neawa why it had been so that she could not come to her. She could not talk of her own trouble, but she explained that she had been very ill, and had not known of Neawa's sickness.

"Your God is no good, you do n't do what your book tells you," was the obstinate reply. And then she maintained a sullen silence, with her face to the wall, though it was evident she was suffering terribly.

Margaret sat there in dismay, looking at the motionless figure beside her; and then, overcome by her longing to help her, she laid her head on her hands and wept, the long-drawn sobs shaking her frail body from head to foot.

There was a movement, and the sick woman

turned with an effort, and gazed curiously at the bowed head. At length she reached out a trembling hand and touched her.

"What, you crying?" she said: "and for me?"

Margaret controlled herself with an effort and said, "Yes, Neawa, you have hurt me. Jesus loves you; he sent me to you to-day. You do not know, I have had trouble. I have been sick, or I would have come to you," and again her head went down.

Neawa raised herself, and with difficulty she crept across the hut to where she had thrown the Bible, and brought it back, placing it carefully on the mat. Then with all her remaining strength she threw her arms around Margaret, and said, "Do n't, my mother, do n't cry! I do love you, and I will be good—I will, I will, I will!" like a child who has been naughty and grieved its mother.

"We will begin all over again, Neawa," said Margaret, tenderly clasping the brown hand in her own; and she prayed that Christ would care for them both; that he would teach Neawa, and help her to be his own child.

Dorothy came in a few moments later, and insisted that Margaret go home. The trying scene had been too much for her strength, and they had some difficulty in reaching the house.

"To think," she said, piteously, to her husband, who was trying to soothe and comfort her; "to

think how these poor people are judging Christ by our weak lives! O Willard, I shall never forget Neawa's words, 'You don't do what your God tells you to do'!"

"My dear," he said, decidedly, "you cannot let her judge for you, or judge you. God has been giving you work for him about which Neawa knows nothing. You cannot do more than he gives you opportunity to do. You are wanting your own way, thinking you have not done enough. Remember, God makes no mistakes. He does not always let us know the why and wherefore of his dealings with us; but we know that he is our Father, and we have but to hear his call, and to follow his leading. There will be a sure 'nevertheless afterward'—for Neawa, for you, and for us all."

"You are right, Willard," she said, after a pause, and a peaceful light shone in the loving eyes raised to his. "I will not trouble—but you will look after Neawa, will you not?"

"Dorothy has already arranged to have her brought up here," he answered; "and we will do all we can for her. I think she will come out all right," he added, cheerily.

But after he left her he started off by himself, and Dorothy found him, an hour later, sitting on a rock which overhung the cliff, staring with unseeing eyes and sternly-set features, out over the blue waters.

"What a brown study you are in!" she said. "I have called you, I don't know how many times; and I have been standing here talking to you for a full minute, and I do not believe you have heard a word. O doctor, what is it?" she cried, laying her hand on his shoulder as he turned his troubled face to her. "Is it Margaret?"

He nodded, and, pulling his hat down over his eyes, stared again out over the sea.

Dorothy stood there motionless. She could think of nothing to say in the face of this strong man bowed down with grief.

"It is Margaret, and my work, and everything," he said at last. "Sit down, Dorothy. Perhaps you can help me. It will be a relief to talk it out, at any rate."

"I wish you would," she said, simply. "I love Margaret, and I want to help you both all I can."

It seemed as if he hardly heard her as he went on. "She must go home. I would not give her three months to live in this climate, and a change will be worth everything to her; but the White Wings is late. I am almost afraid something may have happened to her, and, if so, there is no knowing when we could get away." He paused for a moment.

Dorothy was glad he had not heard what she came out to tell him—that she had used the last of the flour.

"Then again," he continued, "there is my work. To leave these people now means undoing all that has been done. They are ready for advance everywhere. Many have turned from their heathen customs, and to leave them now means worse things for them than if nothing had been done. If the ship should come, I must take Margaret home; and if no one comes to our assistance, God only knows what will become of my poor people!"

"But he knows!" said Dorothy, gently.

He looked at her wistfully—so wistfully that she would have given anything to be able to help him.

"You are crossing a lot of bridges!" she said, lightly, though with a tremble in her voice which showed how deeply she was moved. "It is the Lord's work and the people are in his hands."

His face relaxed. "Thank you, Dorothy!" he said. "You have an invigorating way of comforting one!" Then after a pause he asked in another tone, "How much bread have you?"

"Just half a loaf!" she answered, promptly, though with an anxious pucker over her eyes.

"And then what my poor Margaret will do"—

"Sail-ho! White Wings! Sail-ho!! Sail-ho-o-o!!!"

CHAPTER XVII

WHEN THEIR SHIP CAME IN

> Stayed on Omnipotence
> Safe 'neath His wing,
> Leave all resultings —
> Doe ye nexte thynge.

"SAIL-HO! White Wings! Sail-ho!!"

Again the welcome cry rang out on the air; but Dr. Everett and Dorothy were already on their feet and running with might and main to an exposed part of the cliff, where a full view of the bay was to be obtained, and there, standing in close to land, was their long-expected ship.

"Thank God!" burst from Dr. Everett's lips, and he turned and wrung Dorothy's hand so she had to shut her teeth close together to keep from screaming.

"I must go to Margaret. Will you come?" and he was off without waiting for an answer.

Dorothy stood there an instant looking ruefully at her hand, which was red and smarting from his grasp. Then giving one more look at the ship, now rapidly coming into the harbor, she bethought herself of all that its coming involved, and hastened into the house.

She went first to Margaret, whom she found lying on her couch, which had been drawn to the door, so as to command a full view of the ship as it came to anchor. She was alone as Dorothy entered.

"Well, Meg, dear," she said, a little questioningly, as she knelt by her side.

Margaret turned to her a smiling face, and looking more like her old self than for many a day.

"O Dorothy, Willard has been telling me of your talk, and you helped him very much!"

"Nonsense!" said Dorothy, brusquely; "I only scolded him a little. But that is n't what makes you look so happy, by any means!"

"No," said Margaret, slowly, "Willard says we may go home. O Dorothy, I am ashamed of myself, but I do so want to go home! The very thought gives me strength. To get away from it all—to see Emily! But I shall want to come back," she added, hastily; "I love these people, but now I am not myself; by and by, when I am stronger, we can come back, but—O Dorothy, to go home!"

"Yes," said Dorothy, in a matter-of-fact tone, for she saw Margaret was very much excited; "yes, dear, that will be very nice, and it will make you strong again; but in the meantime, Margaret, do you know we have less than half a loaf of bread in the house?" and she looked at her in mock solemnity.

Margaret laughed. "Never mind if we have n't any bread; I do n't want it!"

"Perhaps you do not," said Dorothy, dryly; "but other people may! I suppose the captain, at least, will come ashore with the doctor, and if there should be new people on board, it will frighten them dreadfully to come and find we have no bread. They will think missionaries do not approve of such luxuries!"

They both laughed, then Margaret said: "Send one of the boys with a note to Willard. He can take the little canoe, and borrow some flour from the ship's stores. We can return it when ours comes ashore, and you can make some of your famous biscuit."

"Very well," said Dorothy, jumping up and going to the desk, when she wrote busily for a few moments. "There," she said at length; "that is finished, and now I must be off to the dining-room and kitchen."

"And I am going to get some flowers and make this room as bright as possible," said Margaret, rising from her couch.

"Do n't do too much," warned Dorothy, stopping in her flight to the kitchen.

"It won't hurt me," said Margaret; "I feel better already."

"I believe you do," said Dorothy; "you look better, at all events!"

Margaret moved slowly about the room, placing

flowers and ferns in every available spot. Then she changed the loose wrapper, which had been her usual dress of late, for one of the dainty white gowns which her husband liked so well; and tucking a few roses in her belt, she stood in the doorway to greet him as he returned from the ship.

He uttered an exclamation of pleased surprise as he caught sight of her.

"Are you alone?" she asked.

He took her bodily in his arms and laid her on the sofa, placing his finger on her lips as she laughingly protested.

"My darling, I have good news for you; so good that I can hardly believe it myself. Mr. and Mrs. Gray have returned. They will be here presently. He is fully recovered, and they will take our work."

"O Willard!" was all Margaret could say.

"God is very good to us," he said, reverently; "I am ashamed of my lack of faith. I have worried about the work, what would become of it if I left it, and all the while God was preparing Mr. and Mrs. Gray to send to our relief!"

"But you could not know, Willard," she remonstrated.

"But I should have had faith. I ought to have remembered that the work is the Lord's. He cares for these people far more than I can, and now he has brought us out of all our troubles, in spite of my unbelief!"

"All, Willard?" she questioned.

"Yes, dear, yes! Captain Gilson will return immediately with us to Honolulu. Mr. Gray will charter one of the trading schooners to make the tour of the islands, so the work will not suffer; and, if you would like it, Dorothy will go home with us. The change will do her good. She has borne up bravely, and will be all the better for a playtime. Why, Margaret," he said, in dismay, "crying? What is the trouble?"

"Never mind me," she said, smiling through her tears, "I am a great baby, I know; but you are all so good to me, and it will be so nice to have Dorothy!"

"Oh!" he said, relieved, "I was afraid you did not like some part of the arrangement; but dry your eyes, dear, here come Captain Gilson and the Grays."

A few moments later and Margaret was clasped closely in Mrs. Gray's loving arms, the older woman being too much shocked at the change in her to do more than caress her in silence.

Mr. Gray at once offered to assume all the responsibilities of the work, leaving Dr. Everett free to prepare for their departure. It took but a few days for them to go into the details of the mission, so Mr. Gray declared he could hardly realize that he had been away at all, but for the change in location.

The next few weeks passed rapidly, and at

length the White Wings returned from landing the supplies and mail at the other station, and the hour of their departure had come. At the last moment they could not find Margaret.

"She is not in the house," said Mrs. Gray, bewildered. "Where can she be? She is too weak to have gone very far."

At that moment Dorothy entered the room.

"Have you seen Margaret, Dorothy?"

"Yes," she replied; "I saw her leaving the veranda a few minutes ago," and she looked significantly at Dr. Everett. He understood the look, and with an exclamation of dismay hurriedly left the room.

"She has gone to baby's grave," said Dorothy to Mrs. Gray, when they were left alone. "I wanted to go with her, but she begged so piteously to go alone that I could not follow her."

"Poor child!" said Mrs. Gray, her eyes filling with tears. "She has suffered so much, and now this leaving everything is filling her cup of bitterness to overflowing, and she is so brave through it all!"

Dr. Everett found Margaret prone upon the ground where the baby lay. He raised her gently in his arms but did not speak. She clung to him in mute misery for a time; then all the pent-up agony broke forth.

"I cannot bear it, Willard! I cannot bear it," she exclaimed, wildly. "Help me, oh, help me!"

"I will help you, Margaret," he said, in firm, quiet tones, holding her closely as he spoke. "I will help you, and God will help you. Listen, my darling," the quiet voice went on. "Jesus has taken our little one; he loves her, and he loves you and me. Whatever he does is done in love. Can you not trust him, my dear? Think of all he suffered for us. Because of his great love, he willingly spent those long weary years away from his Father's house, in a world darker to him than all the heathenism around us—alone, homeless, hated, scorned. And then, when he had won a few friends, even they left him alone in the hour of bitter agony. And he endured all this, when one word would have taken him above it. But he loved us, and he still loves us. Let us trust him, though he slay. Let him do what seemeth to him good. To you he has given this suffering, but you are suffering with him. Can you not take up this burden Christ has laid upon you, and bear it because he asks you to?

"There is a beautiful German legend," he went on, presently, as she did not speak, "that when God made the birds, he created them with soft and gorgeous plumage, but without wings. Then, as they hopped about lightly on the grass, our Father made a number of wings and placed them before the birds, telling them to take up these burdens he had given, and bear them for him. Each little bird lifted two wings, content to carry the burden

the Master gave. Soon, however, the wings grew fast to the shoulders, and that which seemed too hard and heavy to be borne, raised them up into the glorious liberty of the world between earth and heaven. They bore their cross for him, and while they bore it, it took them onward, upward, nearer the likeness of the children of light. Shall we learn the lesson of the birds, Margaret?"

She was quiet now; he had purposely talked till he felt the tense mood relax, and a submissive, if not a peaceful, look steal over her face.

Presently she looked up. "I did not mean to be rebellious, but it all swept over me, and it seemed as if I could not bear it." Her voice was piteously pathetic. "It is n't so much that I want baby back"—here she broke down again, and putting up her arms like a tired child, she hid her face on his shoulder. "Pray, Willard," she whispered.

And he did pray. Husband and wife arose from the grave of their child comforted and strengthened, and went back to their friends with a new and chastened look on their faces.

A few hours later and they were sailing away from the scenes of such mingled joy and sorrow, toward the home land which Margaret and Dorothy had not seen for nearly ten long years.

The voyage was quiet and uneventful. They had the ship to themselves, and the ship had the ocean to herself, for they did not see another sail

during their twenty-five days' voyage. The sea air and the quietness brought peace to Margaret's overwrought nerves, and she was much better, when, one night, they were aroused from their dreamy listlessness by the cry of "Land ho!" The next morning they awoke to find that they were steaming past the bold outlines of Diamond Head, past the fresh, green loveliness of Wikiki, on among the ships that crowded the harbor of Honolulu, and at rest at the wharf.

The ship had been sighted at the signal station at Diamond Head and telephoned to the city, so a goodly number of the friends of the missionaries were gathered to welcome them, all earnest in their desire to be of assistance. Margaret singled out Dr. and Mrs. Stanton from the crowd, and it was to them she turned amid the numerous offers of entertainment. They could understand something of her suffering, and none knew better how to pour in the wine and oil of silent comfort and sympathy.

They remained but four days in Honolulu. Dr. Everett was glad to find that a steamer was to sail on Friday of that week, and took passage for them all. He was anxious to get Margaret home, where she could have the rest and quiet she needed, and at the same time have the care of experienced physicians.

In spite of all they could do, the days in Honolulu were very trying. People were very kind—

almost too kind, Dr. Everett thought, impatiently, as he saw Margaret's face flush and then grow deadly pale at some well-meant word of sympathy from a caller. Mrs. Stanton tried to shield her, and indeed was a mother to her; but even she saw the need of their immediate departure, and did not urge their staying over for another steamer, as she would have liked to do.

The voyage to San Francisco was full of quiet enjoyment. There were but few passengers besides themselves, and the officers and stewards were all very kind to them. They, too, had heard their story—indeed, all Honolulu was ringing with it, and the captain expressed the opinion of all on board, when he growled out one day, as he caught sight of Margaret's face, pale and thin, yet with a sweet nobility which was very attractive: "What in the world that woman wants to throw herself away on cannibals for is more than I can imagine. I should think there were heathen enough in America to satisfy the most exacting mortal!"

"Take care, captain! She will think there is one heathen nearer than America if she hears you!" admonished a lady standing near.

"Don't care if she does hear me! I declare, I wouldn't object to being a South Sea Islander myself, if that woman would undertake my case! But I suppose a hardened old salt like me don't count!"

Margaret heard this, and turning to him she said: "You do count, Captain Halliday! And you must not make yourself out worse than you are. I believe in your heart you are sailing under the same flag as we, and recognize the authority of the same Captain—am I not right?"

"The stars and stripes, madam, the stars and stripes!" he answered, brusquely; but he seemed to have difficulty in seeing for a few minutes.

The next day they entered the Golden Gate.

CHAPTER XVIII

FAREWELL!

Good-bye! 'Tis all we have for one another;
Our love, more strong than death, is helpless still:
For none can take the burden from his brother,
Or shield, except by prayer, from any ill—
May God be with you!

It was afternoon when they landed, and, to them, a bitterly cold day, though other people did not seem to find it so. Margaret shivered as they drove rapidly to the hotel, and breathed a long sigh of relief when she was at last in her room before a blazing fire in the grate.

"This is comfortable!" she exclaimed, stretching out her hands to the blaze. "I had no idea I should feel the cold so much, Willard."

"It is not surprising, my dear, when you remember how long you have been in the tropics. And then, too, these San Francisco breezes are penetrating, even though they are invigorating. We will get you some warmer clothing, and then you must get out into the sunshine and air; it is just what you need."

Margaret smiled faintly, but did not reply; already a longing was stealing over her to see her

sister. Only five days' journey from home! Her heart leaped at the thought.

"Willard!" she suddenly exclaimed; "we are back in the land of telegraphs!"

"Yes," he assented; "and what then?"

"Let us telegraph Emily that we are here. She cannot know it, because this was an extra trip of the Star. Do telegraph her, and she will answer: that will be next best to a letter."

"You are hours too late, my dear!" he said, laughingly. Then, in answer to her questioning look, "I sent a telegram to that best-beloved sister of yours before we left the steamer. One of the stewards sent it off before we could land."

"How good you are to me!" she said, slipping her hand into his as he stood by her side, and leaning her cheek lovingly against it, as she spoke.

There was a knock at the door, and a yellow envelope was handed in.

"A telegram! Oh, is it from Emily?" Margaret asked, eagerly, as her husband took it from the boy and closed the door.

"You shall open it yourself and see, dear," he replied, handing it to her as he spoke. She took it eagerly and tearing it open read:

"A loving welcome. When shall we see you?
"EMILY."

"Now you are all right," said Dr. Everett, see-

ing that she was struggling to retain her composure. "The next thing is—when do you think you will feel equal to the journey?"

"Equal to it!" ejaculated Margaret. "Willard, how soon can we start—to-morrow?"

He looked at her with an amused twinkle in his eyes, though his voice was grave enough.

"Hardly," he replied; "I'm afraid my wife must wait till she has something respectable to wear!"

"I did n't think of that," she said, in dismay; "but perhaps Dorothy will succeed in finding a dressmaker who can help us at once. I wonder if she has returned."

"I will go and see," he said, and left the room to return almost immediately, followed by Dorothy.

"I met her just coming in," he said. "I have told her the news, that you have heard from Emily, and she is almost as wild as one of her South Sea Islanders!"

"You are just as wild to get home as we are, sir," she retorted, "or you would n't be so interested in dressmaking!"

"But, Dorothy, tell me," said Margaret; "did you find a dressmaker?"

"No, and I did not try," answered Dorothy; "for I found something better. I was told of a store where we could get all fitted out—suits, cloaks, hats, gloves and all—and I at once went to see for myself. I really think we shall have no difficulty in getting what we want, and being

ready to leave San Francisco by Tuesday at the latest."

"This is Saturday; if you two can do your shopping this afternoon, so as to leave only the packing for Monday, I will get the tickets for the Tuesday morning train."

"And be at home by Saturday!" exclaimed Dorothy.

"And see Emily!" added Margaret, joyfully.

After an early luncheon, they went on their shopping expedition, and when they returned, three hours later, it was with the satisfaction of knowing they were again fitted out with the garments of civilization, in their day and generation.

The Tuesday following found them in the train pursuing their journey eastward, and before another Sabbath they had reached Boston, where they found, not only Emily, but also Eleanor, and a tall young man whom she introduced, with something of her old sauciness, yet with a touch of dignity that reminded Dr. Everett of Margaret, as "Mr. Meridith, your sometime-to-be brother!"

"And your 'sometime-to-be' helper, also, if you will have me," he added.

"Have you!" said Dr. Everett, warmly; "we must have a talk by and by."

"You are not changed at all, Emily," said Margaret. It was the afternoon of their arrival, and they were just beginning to talk calmly and ration-

ally. "I believe people would take me to be the older!"

"I'll tell you a secret, Meg," said Eleanor, briskly, paying no heed to Emily's beseeching look. "Emily has found the fountain of perpetual youth, and has been drinking copiously."

"Eleanor, do stop your nonsense!" exclaimed Emily. "You will tire Margaret all out."

But Margaret had begun to see something in Emily's evident confusion. "What is her fountain of perpetual youth, Eleanor?" she asked.

Eleanor laughed as she moved to the door. "Other people call it the Rev. Dr. Spafford," she answered; "but Emily calls it 'my dear'!" and she escaped quickly from the room.

It was even so. Margaret had returned to find Emily happy in the love of one of the noblest and most distinguished of God's ministers, "worthy even of her," she thought, after she had seen him. While she had been away her little sister Eleanor had grown into a tall, graceful young woman, with a bright intelligent face and vivacious manners, the promised wife of the grave young medical student who had met them at the station with her. He had finished his studies, and was now taking a year of practical work, in one of the city hospitals. And then —

"And then," explained Eleanor, "I came to Boston to be with Emily, and he told me he expected to be a missionary. I studied him care-

fully"—this very gravely—"and concluded he would do for your work. I hinted as much to him, and what do you think he said?"

"That if you would set him a good example by going too, he would think of it," suggested Dr. Everett.

"Exactly so," said Eleanor; "and so I sacrificed myself on the altar of"—

"Love," put in Mr. Meridith, gravely.

"On the altar of love," repeated Eleanor, "and am ready to go at your call."

"Not at our call," said Dr. Everett, gravely; "you do not mean that."

She sobered instantly, and was about to reply, when Mr. Meridith stopped her. Putting his arm around her as she stood there, he said, "We have both been called by our Master. Our hearts incline to your work in the island world, and it remains for you to confirm this call. If God calls us through you, we shall be sure we are in the place of his appointment."

Dr. Everett sprang up, and grasped them both by the hand.

"God bless you both! I believe he has called you in answer to our prayers. You will find grand opportunity to use all your talents in the Master's service, and I cannot tell you what your coming will be to my wife and me."

The days passed rapidly away, each one bringing strength to Margaret's body and color to her

pale cheeks, till, at the end of a year, no one would have recognized in the tall, stately woman, who moved about with such grace and freedom, and whose face was bright with health and happiness, though there was a shadow in the depths of the brown eyes, and a purity in the beautiful face that told of the fiery trials through which she had passed and of a character developed by the things she had suffered,—no one would have recognized in her the weak and worn-out woman, the ghost of herself, who had come to Boston less than a year before. She had learned to be patient, and to trust. It was all she could do, those days.

By and by there began to be calls upon them. The churches wished to hear of their work. Dr. Everett was incessantly busy, but would not allow Margaret to undertake any work that would take her very far from home. One day Margaret surprised him by asking, "Willard, when are we to return to Suomla? It seems to me we have been away a long time."

"Do you want to go back, my dear?" he asked, looking at her closely.

She turned to him in surprise. "Surely you cannot think that is a matter to be questioned!" she replied. "There has not been a moment since I recovered my health that I have not been homesick for Suomla and the dear people there!"

"It may mean trial and suffering for you," he said, gently. "You know only too well to what

you will return. Are you ready for whatever the Lord sends?"

Her face paled a little, but her only reply was, "Take me back, Willard. Our Father will take care of us there as well as here, if he sends us!"

"We will go, then; I have been waiting for this for some time. Dr. Meridith and Eleanor are ready, and only waiting our movements." He was silent a moment, then he prayed,

"O Lord, who art our guide even unto death, grant us, we pray thee, grace to follow thee whithersoever thou goest. In little daily duties to which thou callest us, bow down our wills in simple obedience. In great acts or trials, if thou shouldst call us to them, uplift us to self-sacrifice, heroic courage—even to laying down of life for thy dear sake, who didst lay down thy life for us. Bless us, our Father, and make us a blessing, as we again go forth to thy lost sheep."

There was a ripple of excitement in the missionary circles when it became known not only that Dr. and Mrs. Everett were about to return to their island home, but that the brilliant young sister was going also. Their former experiences at Suomla were generally known—the trials through which they had passed and which had cost them so dearly. Everybody recognized a nobility and self-abnegation that was not of this world in their decision to return. This was the "real thing,"

there could be no sham about such missionary enthusiasm as this.

"It's easy enough for people to stay at home and preach," said one man, with the wisdom of his generation, "but if more of them were willing to practice in a way that costs them something, we would have more faith in what they say. I am interested in this Dr. Everett and his wife—I believe in them."

That other people were interested in them became evident on the day of their farewell meeting, which was held in Park Street Church.

On the platform were the venerable president of the Missionary Board, the alert, businesslike secretaries, and the pastor of the church. The house was crowded to its utmost capacity when the missionary party arrived, and it was with some difficulty that the Secretary, who stood at the door awaiting them, succeeded in making a way for them to enter. As soon as they were within the audience room, a whisper ran like an electric current through the house, "Dr. and Mrs. Everett have come!" and with one accord the audience arose to their feet, and remained standing in perfect silence as Dr. Calhoun led them to their seats on the platform.

The audience listened patiently to the preliminaries, and courteously to the short addresses of Dr. Everett and Dr. Meridith, but it was evident that their interest centered in Margaret. And

when at last the white-haired president introduced her, again they arose to their feet, and remained standing as she advanced to the side of the pulpit, in recognition of the nobility of the woman before them. A warm flush stole over Margaret's face as they seated themselves, and her hand trembled as it rested lightly on the desk beside which she stood. For a moment she faltered, then recovering herself began to speak, but not of herself. A longing arose in her heart to show to these men and women before her those other men and women to whom she was about to return, and with a silent prayer for help the clear, sweet voice broke the silence:

"I want to take you with me, for a moment, to a low thatched hut at my home on Suomla. A dark hut, but darker still is the man who comes forth from it. He looks at you curiously, suspiciously—for he knows nothing of the love of man for man, and for the Son of man! We tell him we have a message for him; that God, the Great Spirit, 'so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' We say it over and explain it to him, and at last the light begins to dawn upon that poor darkened soul, and he says, wonderingly, 'God so loved the world!—the world! We are in the world, are we not?'

"As we say 'Yes,' he says again: 'Then it

means that God loves us—that the Great Spirit loves the poor islander!' We tell him it does mean him, and the next moment he is running to a crowd of people like unto himself, eager that they, to, shall hear the wonderful news. When at length we have fully delivered the message, and they have taken it in, they begin to talk it over among themselves. Then one of them asks: 'Does everybody in the good land across the sea know of this Great Spirit who loves us?'

"'Yes,' is our reply; 'they know of him.' And then, in the silence that follows, another question falls on our ears: 'Then why have they not told us before?'

"We had no answer for them then. With aching hearts we sat there. Have we any answer to-day? Are we telling them now?"

There was a slight pause, then the sweet voice again fell on that waiting multitude:

"Last Sabbath, as we sat at the table of our Lord for the last time until we shall meet with our people at Suomla, suddenly the sweet, low music of the organ ceased, and our pastor's voice broke the silence, asking: 'Have any been omitted in the passing of the bread and wine?' My thoughts went over the sea to those islands 'neath the Southern Cross. Again I heard the cry of an old chief, 'My people are starving!' Over against it I seemed to hear the Master say, 'If ye love me, feed my sheep!' That other

man for whom Christ died was again asking me, 'Why have they not told us before?'"

Her voice faltered; then amid the hushed silence of the people, she went on —

"Sudden, before my inward, opened vision,
Millions of faces crowded into view;
Sad eyes that said, "For us is no provision—
Give us your Saviour, too!"
Sorrowful women's faces, hungry, yearning,
Wild with despair, or dark with sin and dread;
Worn with long weeping for the unreturning,
Hopeless, uncomforted!
Give us, they cry, your cup of consolation,
Never to our outreaching hands yet passed,
We long for the Desire of every nation,
And oh! We die so fast!
Does he not love us, too, this gracious Master?"

She paused, and there was a deep longing and intensity of earnestness in the next words that fell from her lips which thrilled the waiting audience as if winged by the Spirit of God: —

"'T is from your hands alone they can receive
The bounty of His grace:—oh, send it faster,
Faster, that they may take, and live!"

The last words died away into silence, and the pastor stood in her place, with hands uplifted in benediction:

"Grant, we beseech thee, Almighty God, that the words which we have heard this day with our outward ears, may through thy grace be so grafted

inwardly in our hearts, that they may bring forth unto us the fruit of a life of self-denial and service for love of Thee. And may the peace of God, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, that great Shepherd of the sheep, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. And the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, Son, and the Holy Ghost, be amongst you, and remain with you always. Amen."